



Engraved from the Original Drawing

Robert Fergusson

Engraved for R. Tullis' Edition of Fergusson's Poems /



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P O E M S
on Various Subjects by
Robert Ferguson;
With a Life of the Author, and
Glossary.



W.D. D.R.

R. Swet. Sculp.

Vide Simile page 40.

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P O E M S

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS,

BY

R. FERGUSSON. H

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

AND

GLOSSARY.

ST ANDREW'S:

PRINTED BY F. RAY,

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1800.



LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

ROBERT FERGUSSON, the author of these poems, was born at Edinburgh, September 5, 1751, of parents remarkable only for the simplicity of their lives, the honesty of their hearts, and the narrowness of their fortune. When our Poet became of an age susceptible of education, he was taught its rudiments. He distinguished himself by the quickness of his parts at the High School, where he made a rapid progress in the Latin language.

The father of our Poet intended him for the Church; and having, by the interest of his friends, and the young gentleman's merit, procured him a bursary, he sent him to the University of St Andrew's. There, though never very studious, he soon attained to a proficiency in several sciences. His singular talents did not escape the notice of the learned and ingenious Dr Wilkie, then Professor of Natural Philosophy in that University, who honored him with his friendship and patronage. As a tribute of respect to the memory of his worthy and learned friend, and of gratitude for his kind offices, the Doctor's death is most beautifully and pathetically lamented in the second Scottish Eclogue.

Having finished his studies at the University of St Andrew's, he returned to Edinburgh. His father died soon after, and with him the plan for the edu-

cation of his son. Our author then attempted the study of the law,—a study the most improper for him, and in which he made little or no progress; for a genius so lively could not submit to the drudgery of that dry and sedentary profession.

To attempt a character of the works of this youthful bard would be a very difficult undertaking. No colors but his own could paint it to the life; and who, in his line of composition, can even draw the sketch?—His talent for versification in the Scots dialect has been exceeded by none,—equalled by few; and his English Poems, though not so thoroughly finished as his Scots, possess great beauties. In the grave, the gay, the pathetic, and the ludicrous, he equally excelled:—in the last he possessed a rare felicity of description. Few modern poets have a better claim to originality. The subjects which he chose were, generally, uncommon; often, temporary. His images and sentiments were lively and striking, which he had a knack in clothing in the most agreeable and natural language. His Works are lasting monuments of his genius and vivacity. If we consider, too, that these are the productions of his juvenile Muse, we must admit that his talents were of the first rank. Had he lived to maturer years, and attained to the full vigor of his powers, sublimed by that deep and various knowledge, which is the fruit of long study and observation, and which furnishes to the poet an inexhaustible treasure of ideas, it is probable, he would

have been one of the most eminent poets whom our country has produced.

It does not appear that our author derived much emolument from the numerous effusions of his prolific Muse. (But Fortune and the Muses are too often at variance.) He seems to have labored under all the disadvantages attendant on narrow circumstances, and to have experienced the truth of the Roman Poet's observation :

“ Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat
Res angusta domi.—————”

He has frequent allusions to his poverty ; but these are never written in a spirit of discontent. On the contrary, he treats the subject either in a style of philosophic fortitude, or of manly pleasantry. He had more correct notions of religion, than to repine at the allotment of Providence, and more good sense, than to be ashamed of any thing but vice. His pencil was not so unfaithful to Nature, as to portray Poverty in all the attractions of divinity, as the parent of Happiness, and the guardian of Innocence :—But he could say, with much truth and consistency,

“ ’Tis not in richest mines of Indian gold,
That man this jewel, Happiness, can find,
If his unfeeling breast, to Virtue cold,
Denies her entrance to his ruthless mind.”*

* *Vide Poem* “ Against Repining at Fortune.”

For social life Mr Fergusson possessed an amazing variety of qualifications. With the best good nature, with much modesty, and the greatest goodness of heart, he was always sprightly, always entertaining. His powers of song were very great in a double capacity. When seated with some select companions over a bowl, his wit flashed like lightning, struck the hearers irresistibly, and "set the table in a roar." —But, alas! these engaging, these bewitching qualities, proved fatal to their owner, and shortened the period of his rational existence.—Yet he found favor in the sight of Providence, who was pleased speedily to call him from a miserable state of being to a life of early immortality, on the 16th of October 1774. Thus died Robert Fergusson, regretted by his friends, and lamented by the lovers of poetry, of wit, and of song. A life so short, so little diversified, and so limited in its sphere of action, furnishes but a narrow field for biography.

" Ah, why, dear youth! in all the blooming prime
Of vernal genius, where, disclosing fast,
Each active worth, each manly virtue, lay,—
Why wert thou ravish'd from our hope so soon?
What now avail that life-diffusing charm
Of sprightly wit, that rapture for the Muse,
That heart of friendship, and that soul of joy,
Which bade with softest light thy virtues smile?
Ah! only shew'd, to check our fond pursuits,
And teach our humbled hopes, that life is vain!"

THOMSON'S SEASONS,

St Andrew's, Feb. 24, 1800.

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P O E M S

ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

PASTORAL I.

MORNING.

DAMON. ALEXIS.

DAMON.

AURORA now her welcome visit pays;
Stern Darkness flies before her cheerful rays;
Cool circling breezes whirl along the air;
And early shepherds to the fields repair:
Lead we our flocks, then, to the mountain's brow,
Where junipers and thorny brambles grow;
Where founts of water 'midst the daisies spring,
And soaring larks and tuneful linnets sing;
Your pleasing song shall teach our flocks to stray,
While sounding echoes smoothe the sylvan lay.

ALEXIS.

'Tis thine to sing the graces of the morn,
The zephyr trembling o'er the ripening corn;
'Tis thine with ease to chaunt the rural lay,
While bubbling fountains to your numbers play.

No piping swain that treads the verdant field,
But to your music and your verse must yield :
Sing then,—for here we may with safety keep
Our sportive lambkins on this mossy steep.

DAMON.

With ruddy glow the sun adorns the land ;
The pearly dew-drops on the bushes stand ;
The lowing oxen from the folds we hear ;
And snowy flocks upon the hills appear.

ALEXIS.

How sweet the murmurs of the neighbouring rill !
Sweet are the slumbers which its floods distil
Through pebbly channels winding as they run,
And brilliant sparkling to the rising sun.

DAMON.

Behold Edima's lofty turrets rise !
Her structures fair adorn the eastern skies :
As Pentland cliffs o'ertop yon distant plain,
So she the cities on our north domain.

ALEXIS.

Boast not of cities, or their lofty tow'rs,
Where Discord all her baneful influence pours ;
The homely cottage, and the wither'd tree,
With sweet Content, shall be preferr'd by me.

DAMON.

The hemloc dire shall please the heifer's taste,
Our lands like wild Arabia be waste,
The bee forget to range for winter's food,
Ere I forsake the forest and the flood.

ALEXIS.

Ye balmy breezes! wave the verdant field;
Clouds! all your bounties, all your moisture yield;
That fruits and herbage may our farms adorn,
And furrow'd ridges teem with loaded corn.

DAMON.

The year already hath propitious smil'd;
Gentle in spring-time, and in summer mild;
No cutting blasts have hurt my tender dams;
No hoary frosts destroy'd my infant lambs.

ALEXIS.

If Ceres crown with joy the bounteous year,
A sacred altar to her shrine I'll rear;
A vigorous ram shall bleed, whose curling horns
His woolly neck and hardy front adorns.

DAMON.

Teach me, O Pan! to tune the slender reed,
No favorite ram shall at thine altars bleed;
Each breathing morn thy woodland verse I'll sing,
And hollow dens shall with the numbers ring.

ALEXIS.

Apollo! lend me thy celestial lyre,
The woods in concert join at thy desire:
At morn, at noon, at night, I'll tune the lay,
And bid fleet Echo bear the sound away.

DAMON.

Sweet are the breezes, when cool eve returns,
To lowing herds, when raging Sirius burns:

Not half so sweetly winds the breeze along,
As does the murmur of your pleasing song.

ALEXIS.

To hear your strains the cattle spurn their food ;
The feather'd songsters leave their tender brood ;
Around your seat the silent lambs advance ;
And scrambling he-goats on the mountains dance.

DAMON.

But haste, Alexis, reach yon leafy shade,
Which mantling ivy round the oaks hath made ;
There we'll retire, and list the warbling note
That flows melodious from the blackbird's throat ;
Your easy numbers shall his songs inspire,
And every warbler join the general choir.

PASTORAL II.

NOON.

CORYDON. TIMANTHES.

CORYDON.

THE sun the summit of his orb hath gain'd ;
No flecker'd clouds his azure path hath stain'd ;
Our pregnant ewes around us cease to graze,
Stung with the keenness of his sultry rays ;
The weary bullock from the yoke is led,
And youthful shepherds from the plains are fled

To dusky shades, where scarce a glimmering ray
 Can dart its lustre through the leafy spray.
 Yon cooling rivulet where the waters gleam,
 Where springing flowers adorn the limpid stream,
 Invites us where the drooping willow grows,
 To guide our flocks, and take a cool repose.

TIMANTHES.

To thy advice a grateful ear I'll lend;
 The shades I'll court where slender osiers bend;
 Our weanlings young shall crop the rising flow'r,
 While we retire to yonder twining bow'r;
 The woods shall echo back thy cheerful strains,
 Admir'd by all our Caledonian swains.

CORYDON.

There have I oft with gentle Delia stray'd,
 Amidst the embowering solitary shade,
 Before the gods to thwart my wishes strove,
 By blasting every pleasing glimpse of love:
 For Delia wanders o'er the Anglian plains,
 Where civil discord and sedition reigns.
 There Scotia's sons in odious light appear,
 Though we for them have wav'd the hostile spear.
 For them my sire, enwrapp'd in curdled gore,
 Breath'd his last moments on a foreign shore.

TIMANTHES.

Six lunar months, my friend, will soon expire,
 And she return to crown your fond desire.
 For her oh rack not your desponding mind!
 In Delia's breast a generous flame's confin'd,

That burns for Corydon, whose piping lay
 Hath caus'd the tedious moments steal away ;
 Whose strains melodious mov'd the falling floods
 To whisper Delia to the rising woods.
 Oh, if your sighs could aid the floating gales,
 That favorably swell their lofty sails,
 Ne'er should your sobs their rapid flight give o'er,
 Till Delia's presence grac'd our northern shore !

CORYDON.

Though Delia greet my love, I sigh in vain ;
 Such joy unbounded can I ne'er obtain.
 Her sire a thousand fleeces numbers o'er,
 And grassy hills increase his milky store ;
 While the weak fences of a scanty fold
 Will all my sheep and fattening lambkins hold.

TIMANTHES.

Ah, hapless youth ! although the early Muse
 Painted her semblance on thy youthful brows ;
 Though she with laurels twin'd thy temples round,
 And in thy ear distill'd the magic sound ;
 A cheerless poverty attends thy woes ;
 Your song melodious unrewarded flows.

CORYDON.

Think not, Timanthes, that for wealth I pine,
 Though all the fates to make me poor combine ;
 Tay, bounding o'er his banks with awful sway,
 Bore all my corns and all my flocks away.
 Of Jove's dread precepts did I e'er complain ?
 E'er curse the rapid flood, or dashing rain ?

Ev'n now I sigh not for my former store,
But wish the gods had destin'd Delia poor.

TIMANTHES.

'Tis joy, my friend, to think I can repay
The loss you bore by Autumn's rigid sway.
Yon fertile meadow where the daisies spring,
Shall yearly pasture to your heifers bring :
Your flock with mine shall on yon mountain feed,
Cheer'd by the warbling of your tuneful reed :
No more shall Delia's ever-fretful sire
Against your hopes and ardent love conspire.
Rous'd by her smiles, you'll tune the happy lay,
While hills responsive waft your songs away.

CORYDON.

May plenteous crops your irksome labor crown ;
May hoodwink'd Fortune cease her envious frown ;
May riches still increase with growing years ;
Your flocks be numerous as your silver hairs.

TIMANTHES.

But, lo ! the heats invite us at our ease
To court the twining shades and cooling breeze ;
Our languid joints we'll peaceably recline,
And 'midst the flowers and opening blossoms dine.

PASTORAL III.

NIGHT.

AMYNTAS. FLORELLUS.

AMYNTAS.

WHILE yet gray Twilight does his empire hold,
 Drive all our heifers to the peaceful fold;
 With sullied wing grim Darkness soars along,
 And larks to nightingales resign the song:
 The weary ploughman flies the waving fields;
 To taste what fare his humble cottage yields;
 As bees, that daily through the meadows roam,
 Feed on the sweets they have prepar'd at home.

FLORELLUS.

The grassy meads that smil'd serenely gay,
 Cheer'd by the ever-burning lamp of day,
 In dusky hue attir'd, are cramp'd with colds,
 And springing flow'rets shut their crimson folds.

AMYNTAS.

What awful silence reigns throughout the shade!
 The peaceful olive bends his drooping head;
 No sound is heard o'er all the gloomy maze;
 Wide o'er the deep the fiery meteors blaze.

FLORELLUS.

The west yet ting'd with Sol's effulgent ray,
 With feeble light illumines our homeward way;
 The glowing stars with keener lustre burn,
 While round the earth their glowing axles turn.

AMYNTAS.

What mighty power conducts the stars on high !
Who bids these comets through our system fly !
Who wafts the lightning to the icy pole,
And through our regions bids the thunders roll !

FLORELLUS.

But say, what mightier power from nought could raise
The earth, the sun, and all that fiery maze
Of distant stars that gild the azure sky,
And through the void in settled orbits fly !

AMYNTAS.

That righteous Power, before whose heavenly eye
The stars are nothing, and the planets die ;
Whose breath divine supports our mortal frame ;
Who made the lion wild and lambkin tame.

FLORELLUS.

At His command the bounteous Spring returns ;
Hot Summer, raging o'er the Atlantic, burns ;
The yellow Autumn crowns our sultry toil ;
And Winter's snows prepare the cumbrous soil.

AMYNTAS.

By Him the morning darts his purple ray ;
To Him the birds their early homage pay ;
With vocal harmony the meadows ring,
While swains in concert heavenly praises sing.

FLORELLUS.

Sway'd by His word, the nutrient dew descend,
And growing pastures to the moisture bend ;

The vernal blossoms sip His falling showers ;
 The meads are garnish'd with His opening flowers.

AMYNTAS.

For man, the object of his chiefest care,
 Fowls He hath form'd to wing the ambient air :
 For him the steer his lusty neck doth bend ;
 Fishes for him their scaly fins extend.

FLORELLUS.

Wide o'er the orient sky the moon appears,
 A foe to Darkness and his idle fears ;
 Around her orb the stars in clusters shine,
 And distant planets 'tend her silver shrine.

AMYNTAS.

Hush'd are the busy numbers of the day ;
 On downy couch they sleep their hours away.
 Hail, balmy Sleep, that sooths the troubled mind !
 Lock'd in thy arms our cares a refuge find.
 Oft do you tempt us with delusive dreams,
 When wildering Fancy darts her dazzling beams,
 Asleep the lover with his mistress strays
 Through lonely thickets and untrodden ways ;
 But when pale Cynthia's sable empire's fled,
 And hovering slumbers shun the morning bed,
 Rous'd by the dawn, he wakes with frequent sigh,
 And all his flattering visions quickly fly.

FLORELLUS.

Now owls and bats infest the midnight scene ;
 Dire snakes envenom'd twine along the green :

Forsook by man the rivers mourning glide,
 And groaning echoes swell the noisy tide.
 Straight to our cottage let us bend our way;
 My drowsy powers confess Sleep's magic sway.
 Easy and calm upon our couch we'll lie,
 While sweet reviving slumbers round our pillows fly.

THE COMPLAINT,

A PASTORAL.

NEAR the heart of a fair spreading grove,
 Whose foliage shaded the green,
 A shepherd, repining at love,
 In anguish was heard to complain:—

“ O Cupid ! thou wanton young boy !
 “ Since, with thy invisible dart,
 “ Thou hast robb'd a fond youth of his joy,
 “ In return grant the wish of his heart.

“ Send a shaft so severe from thy bow,
 “ (His pining, his sighs, to remove,)
 “ That Stella, once wounded, may know
 “ How keen are the arrows of love.

“ No swain once so happy as I,
 “ Nor tun'd with more pleasure the reed ;
 “ My breast never vented a sigh,
 “ Till Stella approach'd the gay mead.

“ With mirth, with contentment endow’d,
“ My hours they flew wantonly by ;
“ I sought no repose in the wood,
“ Nor from my few sheep would I fly.

“ Now my reed I have carelessly broke ;
“ Its melody pleases no more :
“ I pay no regard to a flock
“ That seldom hath wander’d before.

“ O Stella ! whose beauty so fair
“ Excels the bright splendor of day,
“ Ah ! have you no pity to share
“ With Damon thus fallen to decay ?

“ For you have I quitted the plain ;
“ Forsaken my sheep and my fold :
“ For you in dull languor and pain
“ My tedious moments are told.

“ For you have my roses grown pale ;
“ They have faded untimely away :
“ And will not such beauty bewail
“ A shepherd thus fallen to decay ?

“ Since your eyes still requite me with scorn
“ And kill with their merciless ray ;
“ Like a star at the dawning of morn,
“ I fall to their lustre a prey.

"Some swain who shall mournfully go
 "To whisper love's sigh to the shade,
 "Will haply some charity shew,
 "And under the turf see me laid.

 "Would my love but in pity appear
 "On the spot where he moulds my cold grave,
 "And bedew the green sod with a tear,
 "'Tis all the remembrance I crave."

To the sward then his visage he turn'd ;
 'Twas wan as the lilies in May :
 Fair Stella may see him inurn'd ;—
 He hath sigh'd all his sorrows away.

THE DECAY OF FRIENDSHIP,

■ PASTORAL ELEGY.

WHEN Gold, man's sacred deity, did smile,
 My friends were plenty, and my sorrows few ;
 Mirth, love, and bumpers, did my hours beguile,
 And arrow'd Cupids round my slumbers flew.

What shepherd then could boast more happy days ?
 My lot was envied by each humbler swain ;
 Each bard in smooth eulogium sung my praise,
 And Damon listen'd to the guileful strain.

Flattery ! alluring as the Syren's lay,
And as deceitful thy enchanting tongue,
How have you taught my wavering mind to stray,
Charm'd and attracted by the baneful song ?

My pleasant cottage, shelter'd from the gale,
Arose, with moss and rural ivy bound ;
And scarce a flow'ret in my lowly vale,
But was with bees of various colors crown'd.

Free o'er my lands the neighbouring flocks could roam
How welcome were the swains and flocks to me
The shepherds kindly were invited home,
To chase the hours in merriment and glee.

To wake emotions in the youthful mind,
Strephon with voice melodious tun'd the song ;
Each sylvan youth the sounding chorus join'd,
Fraught with contentment 'midst the festive throng

My clustering grape compens'd their magic skill ;
The bowl capacious swell'd in purple tide
To shepherds, liberal as the crystal rill
Spontaneous gurgling from the mountain's side.

But, ah ! those youthful sportive hours are fled ;
Those scenes of jocund mirth are now no more :
No healing slumbers 'tend my humble bed ;
No friends condole the sorrows of the poor.

And what avail the thoughts of former joy?
What comfort bring they in the adverse hour?
Can they the canker-worm of care destroy,
Or brighten Fortune's discontented lour?

He who hath travers'd long the fertile plain,
Where nature in its fairest vesture smil'd,
Will he not cheerless view the fairy scene,
When lonely wandering o'er the barren wild?

For now pale Poverty, with haggard eye,
And rueful aspect, darts her gloomy ray;
My wonted guests their proffer'd aid deny,
And from the paths of Damon steal away.

Thus, when fair Summer's lustre gilds the lawn,
When ripening blossoms deck the spreading tree,
The birds with melody salute the dawn,
And o'er the daisy hangs the humming bee:

But when the beauties of the circling year
In chilling frosts and furious storms decay,
No more the bees upon the plains appear;
No more the warblers hail the infant day,

To the lone corner of some distant shore,
In dreary devious pilgrimage I'll fly,
And wander pensive, where Deceit no more
Shall trace my footsteps with a mortal eye;

There solitary saunter o'er the beach,
And to the murmuring surge my griefs disclose;
There shall my voice in plaintive wailings teach
The hollow caverns to resound my woes.

Sweet are the waters to the parched tongue;
Sweet are the blossoms to the wanton bee;
Sweet to the shepherd sounds the lark's shrill song
But sweeter far is Solitude to me.

Adieu, ye fields, where I have fondly stray'd!
Ye swains, who once the fav'rite Damon knew!
Farewell, ye sharers of my bounty's aid!
Ye sons of base ingratitude, adieu!

AGAINST REPINING AT FORTUNE.

THOUGH in my narrow bounds of rural toil,
No obelisk or splendid column rise;
Though partial Fortune still averts her smile,
And views my labors with condemning eyes;

Yet all the gorgeous vanity of state
I can contemplate with a cool disdain;
Nor shall the honors of the gay and great
E'er wound my bosom with an envious pain.

Avails it aught the grandeur of their halls,
With all the glories of the pencil hung,
If Truth, fair Truth! within the unhallow'd walls,
Hath never whisper'd with her seraph tongue?

Avails it aught, if Music's gentle lay
Hath oft been echo'd by the sounding dome,
If music cannot sooth their griefs away,
Or change a wretched to a happy home?

Though Fortune should invest them with her spoils,
And banish Poverty with look severe,—
Enlarge their confines, and decrease their toils,—
Ah! what avails, if she increase their care?

Though fickle, she disclaim my moss-grown cot,
Nature! thou look'st with more impartial eyes:
Smile thou, fair goddess! on my sober lot;
I'll neither fear her fall, nor court her rise.

When early larks shall cease the matin song;
When Philomel at night resigns her lays;
When melting numbers to the owl belong;
Then shall the reed be silent in thy praise.

Can he, who with the tide of Fortune sails,
More pleasure from the sweets of Nature share?
Do zephyrs waft him more ambrosial gales,
Or do his groves a gayer livery wear?

To me the heavens unveil as pure a sky ;
 To me the flowers as rich a bloom disclose ;
 The morning beams as radiant to mine eye ;
 And darkness guides me to as sweet repose.

If Luxury their lavish dainties piles,
 And still attends upon their sated hours,
 Doth Health reward them with her open smiles,
 Or Exercise enlarge their feeble pow'rs ?

'Tis not in richest mines of Indian gold,
 That man this jewel, Happiness, can find,
 If his unfeeling breast, to Virtue cold,
 Denies her entrance to his ruthless mind.

Wealth, pomp, and honor, are but gaudy toys ;
 Alas, how poor the pleasures they impart !
 Virtue's the sacred source of all the joys
 That claim a lasting mansion in the heart.

CONSCIENCE,

AN ELEGY.

..... *Leave her to Heaven,
 And to the thorns that in her bosom lodge,
 To prick and sting her.*

SHAKESP.

No choiring warblers flutter in the sky ;
 Phoebus no longer holds his radiant sway ;
 While Nature, with a melancholy eye,
 Bemoans the loss of his departed ray.

happy he, whose conscience knows no guile !
He to the sable night can bid farewell ;
From cheerless objects close his eyes a while,
Within the silken folds of sleep to dwell.

Elysian dreams shall hover round his bed ;
His soul shall wing, on pleasing fancies borne,
To shining vales where flow'rets lift their head,
Wak'd by the breathing zephyrs of the morn.

But wretched he, whose foul reproachful deeds
Can through an angry conscience wound his rest ;
His eye too oft the balmy comfort needs,
Though Slumber seldom knows him as her guest.

To calm the raging tumults of his soul,
If wearied nature should an hour demand,
Around his bed the sheeted spectres howl ;
Red with revenge the grinning furies stand.

Nor state nor grandeur can his pain allay ;
Where shall he find a requiem to his woes ;
Power cannot chase the frightful gloom away,
Nor music lull him to a kind repose.

Where is the king that Conscience fears to chide ?
Conscience, that candid judge of right and wrong,
Will o'er the secrets of each heart preside,
Nor aw'd by pomp, nor tam'd by soothing song.

DAMON TO HIS FRIENDS.

THE billows of life are suppress ;
Its tumults, its toils, disappear ;
To relinquish the storms that are past,
I think on the sunshine that's near.

Dame Fortune and I are agreed ;
Her frowns I no longer endure ;
For the goddess has kindly decreed,
That Damon no more shall be poor.

Now riches will ope the dim eyes,
To view the increase of my store ;
And many my friendship will prize,
Who never knew Damon before.

But those I renounce and abjure,
Who carried contempt in their eye ;
May poverty still be their dow'r,
That could look on misfortune awry !

Ye powers that weak mortals govern,
Keep Pride at his bay from my mind ;
O let me not haughtily learn
To despise the few friends that were kind !

For theirs was a feeling sincere ;
'Twas free from delusion and art ;
O may I that friendship revere,
And hold it yet dear to my heart !

By which was I ever forgot ?
It was both my physician and cure,
That still found the way to my cot,
Although I was wretched and poor.

'Twas balm to my canker-tooth'd care ;
The wound of affliction it heal'd ;
In distress it was Pity's soft tear,
And naked cold Poverty's shield.

Attend, ye kind youth of the plain !
Who oft with my sorrows condol'd ;
You cannot be deaf to the strain,
Since Damon is master of gold.

I have chose a sweet sylvan retreat,
Bedeck'd with the beauties of Spring ;
Around my flocks nibble and bleat,
While the musical choristers sing.

I force not the waters to stand
In an artful canal at my door ;
But a river, at Nature's command,
Meanders both limpid and pure.

She's the goddess that darkens my bow'rs
With tendrils of ivy and vine ;
She tutors my shrubs and my flow'rs ;
Her taste is the standard of mine.

What a pleasing diversified group
Of trees has she spread o'er my ground !
She has taught the grave laryx to droop,
And the birch to shed odors around.

For whom has she perfum'd my groves ?
For whom has she cluster'd my vine ?
If Friendship despise my alcoves,
They'll ne'er be recesses of mine.

He who tastes his grape juices by stealth,
Without chosen companions to share,
Is the basest of slaves to his wealth,
And the pitiful minion of care.

O come, and with Damon retire
Amidst the green umbrage embower'd !
Your mirth and your songs to inspire,
Shall the juice of his vintage be pour'd.

O come, ye dear friends of his youth !
Of all his good fortune partake ;
Nor think 'tis departing from truth,
To say 'twas preserv'd for your sake.

RETIREMENT.

COME, Inspiration ! from thy vernal bow'r,
To thy celestial voice attune the lyre ;
Smooth gliding strains in sweet profusion pour,
And aid my numbers with seraphic fire.

Under a lonely spreading oak I lay,
My head upon the daisied green reclin'd ;
The evening sun beam'd forth his parting ray ;
The foliage bended to the hollow wind.

There gentle Sleep my acting powers supprest ;
The city's distant hum was heard no more ;
Yet Fancy suffer'd not the mind to rest,
Ever obedient to her wakeful pow'r.

She led me near a crystal fountain's noise,
Where undulating waters sportive play ;
Where a young comely swain, with pleasing voice,
In tender accents sung his sylvan lay.

Adieu, ye baneful pleasures of the town !
" Farewell, ye giddy and unthinking throng !
Without regret your foibles I disown ;
" Themes more exalted claim the Muse's song.

" Your stony hearts no social feelings share ;
" Your souls of distant sorrows ne'er partake ;
" Ne'er do you listen to the needy prayer,
" Nor drop a tear for tender pity's sake.

" Welcome, ye fields, ye fountains, and ye groves !
" Ye flowery meadows, and extensive plains !
" Where soaring warblers pour their plaintive love
" Each landscape cheering with their vocal strain

" Here rural Beauty rears her pleasing shrine ;
" She on the margin of each streamlet glows ;
" Where with the blooming hawthorn roses twine,
" And the fair lily of the valley grows.

" Here Chastity may wander unassail'd
" Through fields where gay seducers cease to rove
" Where open Vice o'er Virtue ne'er prevail'd ;
" Where all is innocence, and all is love.

" Peace with her olive wand triumphant reigns,
" Guarding secure the peasant's humble bed ;
" Envy is banish'd from the happy plains,
" And Defamation's busy tongue is laid.

" Health and Contentment usher in the morn ;
" With jocund smiles they cheer the rural swain
" For which the peer, to pompous titles born,
" Forsaken sighs, but all his sighs are vain,

For the calm comforts of an easy mind
 " In yonder lonely cot delight to dwell,
 And leave the statesman for the laboring hind,
 " The regal palace for the lowly cell.

Ye, who to Wisdom would devote your hours,
 " And far from riot, far from discord stray !
 Look back disdainful on the city's towers,
 " Where Pride, where Folly, point the slippery way.

Pure flows the limpid stream in crystal tides
 "Through rocks, through dens, and ever verdant vales,
 Till to the town's unhallowed wall it glides,
 " Where all its purity and lustre fails."

ODE TO HOPE.

HOPE ! lively cheerer of the mind,
 In lieu of real bliss design'd,
 Come from thy ever verdant bow'r
 To chase the dull and lingering hour :
 O ! bring, attending on thy reign,
 All thy ideal fairy train,
 To animate the lifeless clay,
 And bear my sorrows hence away.

Hence, gloomy-featur'd black Despair,
 With all thy frantic furies fly,

Nor rend my breast with gnawing care,
For Hope in lively garb is nigh.

Let pining Discontentment mourn ;
Let dull-ey'd Melancholy grieve ;
Since pleasing Hope must reign by turn,
And every bitter thought relieve.

O smiling Hope ! in adverse hour
I feel thy influencing pow'r.
Though frowning Fortune fix my lot
In some defenceless lonely cot,
Where Poverty, with empty hands,
In pallid meagre aspect stands ;
Thou canst enrobe me 'midst the great,
With all the crimson pomp of state,
Where Luxury invites his guests
To pall them with his lavish feasts.
What cave so dark, what gloom so drear,
So black with horror, dead with fear !
But thou canst dart thy streaming ray,
And change close night to open day.

Health is attendant in thy radiant train ;
Round her the whispering zephyrs gently play ;
Behold her gladly tripping o'er the plain,
Bedeck'd with rural sweets and garlands gay !

When vital spirits are deprest,
And heavy languor clogs the breast,

With more than Esculapian power
 Endued, bless'd Hope ! 'tis thine to cure ;
 For oft thy friendly aid avails,
 When all the strength of physick fails.

Nay, ev'n though Death should aim his dart,
 I know he lifts his arm in vain,
 Since thou this lesson canst impart,
 Mankind but die to live again.

Depriv'd of thee must banners fall :
 But where a living Hope is found,
 The legions shout at Danger's call,
 And victors are triumphant crown'd.

Come then, bright Hope ! in smiles array'd,
 Revive us by thy quickening breath ;
 Then shall we never be afraid
 To walk through danger and through death.

THE RIVERS OF SCOTLAND,

AN ODE.

Set to music by Mr COLLETT.

O'er Scotia's parched land the Naiads flew ;
 From towering hills explor'd her shelter'd vales ;
 Caus'd Forth in wild meanders please the view,
 And lift her waters to the zephyr's gales.

Where the glad swain surveys his fertile fields,
And reaps the plenty which his harvest yields.

Here did these lovely nymphs, unseen,
Oft wander by the river's side,
And oft unbind their tresses green,
To bathe them in the fluid tide ;

Then to the shady grottos would retire,
And sweetly echo to the warbling choir ;

Or to the rushing waters tune their shells,
To call up Echo from the woods,
Or from the rocks or crystal floods,
Or from surrounding banks, or hills, or dales.

CHORUS.

Or to the rushing waters, &c.

When the cool fountains first their springs forsook,
Murmuring smoothly to the azure main,
Exulting Neptune then his trident shook,
And wav'd his waters gently to the plain.

The friendly Tritons on his chariot borne,
With cheeks dilated blew the hollow-sounding horn

Now Lothian and Fife's shores,
Resounding to the mermaid's song,
Gladly emit their limpid stores,
And bid them smoothly sail along

To Neptune's empire, and with him to roll
Round the revolving sphere from pole to pole ;

To guard Britannia from envious foes ;
To view her angry vengeance hurl'd
In awful thunder round the world,
And trembling nations bending to her blows.

CHORUS.

To guard Britannia, &c.

High towering on the zephyr's breezy wing,
Swift fly the Naiads from Forth's shores,
And to the southern airy mountains bring
Their sweet enchantment and their magic powers.

Each nymph her favorite willow takes ;
The earth with feverous tremor shakes ;
The stagnant lakes obey their call ;
Streams o'er the grassy pastures fall.

Tweed spreads her waters to the lucid ray ;
Upon the dimpled surf the sun-beams play :

On her green banks the tuneful shepherd lies,
Charm'd with the music of his reed,
Amidst the wavings of the Tweed :
From sky-reflecting streams the river-nymphs arise.

CHORUS.

On her green banks, &c.

The listening Muses heard the shepherds play ;
 Fame with her brazen trump proclaim'd his name
 And to attend the easy graceful lay,
 Pan from Arcadia to Tweda came.
 Fond of the change, along the banks he stray'd,
 And sung unmindful of th' Arcadian shade.

AIR,—*Twedside.*

I.

Attend every fanciful swain,
 Whose notes softly flow from the reed ;
 With harmony guide the sweet strain,
 To sing of the beauties of Tweed.

II.

Where the music of woods and of streams
 In soothing sweet melody join,
 To enliven your pastoral themes,
 And make human numbers divine.

CHORUS.

Ye warblers from the vocal grove,
 The tender woodland strain approve,
 While Tweed in smoother cadence glides
 O'er flowery vales in gentle tides ;
 And as she rolls her silver waves along,
 Murmurs and sighs to quit the rural song.
 Scotia's great Genius in russet clad,
 From the cool sedgy bank exalts her head ;
 In joyful rapture she the change espies ;
 Sees living streams descend and groves arise.

AIR,—*Gilderoy.*

I.

As sable clouds at early day
 Oft dim the shining skies;
 So gloomy thoughts create dismay,
 And lustre leaves her eyes.

II.

“Ye powers! are Scotia’s ample fields
 “With so much beauty grac’d,
 “To have those sweets your bounty yields
 “By foreign foes defac’d?”

III.

“O Jove! at whose supreme command
 “The limpid fountains play,
 “O’er Caledonia’s northern land
 “Let restless waters stray.

IV.

“Since from the void creation rose,
 “Thou’st made a sacred vow,
 “That Caledon to foreign foes
 “Should ne’er be known to bow.”

The mighty Thunderer on his sapphire throne,
 In mercy’s robes attir’d, heard the sweet voice
 Of female woe,—soft as the moving song
 Of Philomela ’midst the evening shades;
 And thus return’d an answer to her prayers:

" Where birks at Nature's call arise ;
 " Where fragrance hails the vaulted skies ;
 " Where my own oak its umbrage spreads,
 " Delightful 'midst the woody shades ;
 " Where ivy mouldering rocks entwines ;
 " Where breezes bend the lofty pines ;
 " There shall the laughing Naiads stray,
 " 'Midst the sweet banks of winding Tay."

From the dark womb of earth Tay's waters spring,
 Ordain'd by Jove's unalterable voice ;
 The sounding lyre celestial muses string ;
 The choiring songsters in the groves rejoice.

Each fount its crystal fluids pours,
 Which from surrounding mountains flow ;
 The river bathes its verdant shores ;
 Cool o'er the surf the breezes blow.

Let England's sons extol their gardens fair ;
 Scotland may freely boast her generous streams ;
 Their soil more fertile, and their milder air ;
 Her fishes sporting in the solar beams.

Thames, Humber, Severn, all must yield the bay
 To the pure streams of Forth, of Tweed, and Tay

CHORUS.

Thames, Humber, &c.

O Scotia ! when such beauty claims
A mansion near thy flowing streams,
Ne'er shall stern Mars, in iron car,
Drive his proud coursers to the war ;
But fairy forms shall strew around
Their olives on the peaceful ground ;
And turtles join the warbling throng,
To usher in the morning song ;
Or shout in chorus all the live-long day,
From the green banks of Forth, of Tweed, and Tay.

When gentle Phoebe's friendly light
In silver radiance clothes the night,
Still Music's ever-varying strains
Shall tell the lovers, Cynthia reigns ;
And woo them to her midnight bowers,
Among the fragrant dew-clad flowers,
Where every rock, and hill, and dale,
With echoes greet the nightingale,
Whose pleasing, soft, pathetic tongue,
To kind condolence turns the song ;
And often wins the love-sick swain to stray,
To hear the tender variegated lay,
Through the dark woods of Forth, of Tweed, and Tay.

Hail, native streams, and native groves !
Oozy caverns, green alcoves !
Retreats for Cytherea's reign,
With all the graces in her train,

Hail, Fancy ! thou whose ray so bright
Dispels the glimmering taper's light !
Come in aerial vesture blue,
Ever pleasing, ever new ;
In these recesses deign to dwell
With me in yonder moss-clad cell :

Then shall my reed successful tune the lay,
In numbers wildly warbling as they stray
Through the glad banks of Forth, of Tweed, and Tay

THE
TOWN AND COUNTRY CONTRASTED
IN AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

FROM noisy bustle, from contention free,
Far from the busy town I careless loll ;
Not like swain Tityrus, or the bards of old,
Under a beechen, venerable shade ;
But on a furzy heath, where blooming broom
And thorny whins the spacious plains adorn.
Here health sits smiling on my youthful brow ;
For ere the sun beams forth his earliest ray,
And all the east with yellow radiance crowns ;
Ere dame Aurora, from her purple bed,
'Gins with her kindling blush to paint the sky ;
The soaring lark, morn's cheerful harbinger,
And linnet joyful, fluttering from the bush,

stretch their small throats in vocal melody,
to hail the dawn, and drowsy sleep exhale
from man, frail man ! on downy softness stretch'd.

Such pleasing scenes Edina cannot boast ;
nor there the slothful slumber seal'd mine eyes,
till nine successive strokes the clock had knell'd.
There not the lark, but fishwives noisy screams,
and inundations plung'd from ten house height,
With smell more fragrant than the spicy groves
of Indus, fraught with all her orient stores,
rous'd me from sleep ;—not sweet refreshing sleep,
but sleep infested with the burning sting
of bug infernal, who the live-long night
With direst suction sipp'd my liquid gore.
There gloomy vapors in our zenith reign'd,
and fill'd with irksome pestilence the air.
There lingering Sickness held his feeble court,
rejoicing in the havoc he had made ;
and Death, grim Death ! with all his ghastly train,
Watch'd the broke slumbers of Edina's sons.

Hail, rosy Health ! thou pleasing antidote
Against troubling cares ! all hail, those rural fields !
those winding rivulets, and verdant shades,
Where thou, the heav'n-born goddess, deign'st to dwell !
With thee the hind, upon his simple fare,
Lives cheerful, and from Heav'n no more demands.
But, ah ! how vast, how terrible the change
With him who night by night in sickness pines !

Him nor his splendid equipage can please,
 Nor all the pageantry the world can boast;
 Nay, not the consolation of his friends
 Can aught avail: his hours are anguish all;
 Nor cease till envious death has clos'd the scene.

But, Carlos, if we court this maid celestial;
 Whether we through meandering rivers stray,
 Or 'midst the city's jarring noise remain;
 Let Temperance, Health's blithe concomitant,
 To our desires and appetites set bounds;
 Else, cloy'd at last, we surfeit every joy:
 Our slacken'd nerves reject their wonted spring;
 We reap the fruits of our unkindly lusts,
 And feebly totter to the silent grave.

ODE TO PITY.

To what sequester'd gloomy shade
 Hath ever gentle Pity stray'd?
 What brook is water'd from her eyes?
 What gales convey her tender sighs?
 Unworthy of her grateful lay,
 She hath despis'd the great, the gay;
 Nay, all the feelings she imparts
 Are far estrang'd from human hearts.
 Ah, Pity! whither would'st thou fly
 From human heart, from human eye?

Are desert woods, and twilight groves,
The scenes the sobbing pilgrim loves?
If there thou dwell'st, O Pity! say,
In what lone path you pensive stray?
I'll know thee by the lily's hue,
Besprinkled with the morning's dew:
For thou wilt never blush to wear
The pallid look and falling tear.

In broken cadence from thy tongue,
Oft have we heard the mournful song;
Oft have we view'd the loaded bier
Bedew'd with Pity's softest tear.
Her sighs and tears were ne'er denied,
When innocence and virtue died.
But in this black and iron age,
Where Vice and all his demons rage,
Though bells in solemn peals are rung,
Though dirge in mournful verse is sung,
Soon will the vain parade be o'er,
Their name, their memory, be no more,
Who love and innocence despis'd,
And every virtue sacrific'd.
Here Pity, as a statue dumb,
Will pay no tribute to the tomb;
Or wake the memory of those,
Who never felt for others woes.

Thou mistress of the feeling heart!
Thy powers of sympathy impart.

If mortals would but fondly prize
 Thy falling tears, thy passing sighs ;
 Then should wan Poverty no more
 Walk feebly from the rich man's door ;
 Humility should vanquish Pride,
 And Vice be drove from Virtue's side :
 Then Happiness at length should reign ;
 The golden age begin again.

ON THE COLD MONTH OF APRIL 1771

*Oh ! who can hold a fire in his hand
 By thinking on the frosty Caucasus ;
 Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
 By bare imagination of a feast ;
 Or wallow naked in December's snow
 By thinking on fantastic Summer's heat ?*

SHAKESP. RICHARD II.

POETS in vain have hail'd the opening Spring ;
 In tender accents woo'd the blooming maid ;
 In vain have taught the April birds to wing
 Their flight through fields in verdant hue array'd

The Muse, in every season taught to sing,
 Amidst the desert snows by Fancy's powers,
 Can elevated soar, on placid wing,
 To climes where Spring her kindest influence shows

April! once famous for the zephyr mild;
For sweets that early in the garden grow;
Say, how converted to this cheerless wild,
Rushing with torrents of dissolving snow?

Nurs'd by the moisture of a gentle shower,
Thy foliage oft hath sounded to the breeze;
Oft did thy choristers melodious pour
Their melting numbers through the shady trees.

Fair have I seen thy morn, in smiles array'd,
With crimson blush bepaint the eastern sky;
But now the dawn creeps mournful o'er the glade,
Shrowded in colours of a sable dye.

No have I seen the fair, with laughing eye,
And visage cheerful as the smiling morn,
Alternate changing for the heaving sigh,
Or frowning aspect of contemptuous scorn.

Life! What art thou?—a variegated scene
Of mingled light and shade, of joy and woe;
A sea where calms and storms promiscuous reign;
A stream where sweet and bitter jointly flow.

Mute are the plains; the shepherd pipes no more;
The reed's forsaken, and the tender flock;
While Echo, listening to the tempest's roar,
In silence wanders o'er the beetling rock.

Winter, too potent for the solar ray,
 Bestrides the blast, ascends his icy throne,
 And views Britannia, subject to his sway,
 Floating emergent on the frigid zone.

Thou savage tyrant of the fretful sky!
 Wilt thou for ever in our zenith reign?
 To Greenland's seas, congeal'd in chilness, fly,
 Where howling monsters tread the bleak domain

Relent, O Boreas! leave thy frozen cell;
 Resign to Spring her portion of the year;
 Let west winds temperate wave the flowing gale,
 And hills, and vales, and woods, a vernal aspect wear

THE SIMILE.

At noontide as Colin and Sylvia lay
 Within a cool jessamine bow'r,
 A butterfly, wak'd by the heat of the day,
 Was sipping the juice of each flow'r.

Near the shade of this covert a young shepherd boy
 The gaudy brisk flutterer spies,
 Who held it as pastime to seek and destroy
 Each beautiful insect that flies.

From the lily he hunted this fly to the rose ;
From the rose to the lily again ;
Till, weary with tracing its motions, he chose
To leave the pursuit with disdain.

Then Colin to Sylvia smilingly said,
Amyntor has followed you long ;
From him, like the butterfly, still have you fled,
Though woo'd by his musical tongue.

Beware in persisting to start from his arms,
But with his fond wishes comply ;
Come, take my advice ; or he's pall'd with your charms,
Like the youth and the beautiful fly.

Says Sylvia,—Colin, thy simile's just,
But still to Amyntor I'm coy ;
For I vow she's a simpleton blind that would trust
A swain, when he courts to destroy.

THE BUGS.

THOU source of song sublime ! thou chieftest Muse !
Whose sacred fountain of immortal fame
Bedew'd the flowerets cull'd for Homer's brow,
When he on Grecian plains the battles sung

Of frogs and mice : Do thou, through Fancy's maze
Of sportive pastime, lead a lowly Muse
Her rites to join, while, with a faltering voice,
She sings of reptiles yet in song unknown.

Nor you, ye bards ! who oft have struck the lyre
And tun'd it to the movement of the spheres,
In harmony divine, reproach the lays ;
Which, though they wind not through the starry hos
Of bright creation, or on earth delight
To hunt the murmuring cadence of the floods
Through scenes where Nature, with a hand profuse
Hath lavish strew'd her gems of precious dye ;
Yet, in the small existence of a gnat,
Or tiny bug, doth she, with equal skill,
If not transcending, stamp her wonders there,
Only disclos'd to microscopic eye.

Of old the Dryads near Edina's walls
Their mansions rear'd ; and groves unnumber'd rose
Of branching oak, spread beech, and lofty pine ;
Under whose shade, to shun the noontide blaze,
Did Pan resort, with all his rural train
Of shepherds and of nymphs.—The Dryads, pleas'd,
Would hail their sports, and summon Echo's voice
To send their greetings through the waving woods ;
But the rude ax, long brandish'd by the hand
Of daring Innovation, shav'd the lawns :
Then not a thicket or a copse remain'd
To sigh in concert with the breeze of eve.

Edina's mansions with lignarian art
Were pil'd and fronted.—Like an ark she seem'd
To lie on mountain's top, with shapes replete,
Clean and unclean, that daily wander o'er
Her streets, that once were spacious, once were gay,
To Jove the Dryads pray'd, nor pray'd in vain,
For vengeance on her sons.—At midnight drear
Black showers descend, and teeming myriads rise
Of bugs abhorrent, who by instinct steal
Through the putrescent and corrosive pores
Of sapless trees, that late in forest stood,
With all the majesty of summer crown'd.

By Jove's command dispers'd, they wander wide
O'er all the city.—Some their cells prepare
Mid the rich trappings and the gay attire
Of state luxuriant, and are fond to press
The waving canopy's depending folds;
While others, destin'd to an humbler fate,
Seek shelter from the dwellings of the poor,
Plying their nightly suction to the bed
Of toil'd mechanic, who, with folded arms,
Enjoys the comforts of a sleep so sound,
That not the alarming sting of glutting bug
To murderous deed can rouse his brawny arm
Upon the blood-swoln fiend, who basely steals
Life's genial current from his throbbing veins.

Happy were Grandeur, could she triumph here,
And banish from her halls each misery,

Which she must brook in common with the poor,
Who beg subsistence from her sparing hands.
Then might the rich, to fell disease unknown,
Indulge in fond excess, nor ever feel
The slowly creeping hours of restless night,
When shook with guilty horrors—But the Wind,
Whose fretful gusts of anger shake the world,
Bears more destructive on the aspiring roofs
Of dome and palace, than on cottage low,
That meets Aeolus with his gentler breath,
When safely shelter'd in the peaceful vale.

Is there a being breathes, howe'er so vile,
Too pitiful for Envy?—She, with venom'd tooth
And grinning madness, frowns upon the bliss
Of every species.—From the human form
That spurns the earth, and bends his mental eye
Through the profundity of space unknown,
Down to the crawling bug's detested race.

Thus the lover pines, that reptile rude
Should 'mid the lilies of fair Chloe's breast
Implant the deep carnation, and enjoy
Those sweets which angel modesty hath veil'd
From eyes profane—Yet murmur not, ye few
Who gladly would be bugs for Chloe's sake!
For soon, alas! the fluctuating gales
Of earthly joy invert the happy scene.
The breath of Spring may, with her balmy power,
And warmth diffusive, give to Nature's face

Her brightest colours—but how short the space,
Till angry Eurus, from his petrid cave,
Deform the year, and all these sweets annoy!

Even so befalls it to this creeping race;
This envy'd commonwealth—For they a while
On Chloe's bosom, alabaster fair,
May steal ambrosial bliss—or may regale
On the rich viands of luxurious blood,
Delighted and suffic'd. But mark the end:
Lo! Whitsuntide appears with gloomy train
Of growing desolation.—First, Upholsterer rude
Removes the waving drapery, where, for years,
A thriving colony of old and young
Had hid their numbers from the prying day.
Anon they fall, and gladly would retire
To safer ambush; but his ruthless foot,
Ah, cruel pressure! cracks their vital springs,
And with their deep-dy'd scarlet smears the floor.

Sweet Powers! has Pity in the female breast
No tender residence—no lov'd abode,—
To urge from murderous deed the avenging hand
Of angry house-maid?—She'll have blood for blood!
For, lo! the boiling streams from copper tube,
Hot as her rage, sweep myriads to death.
Their carcasses are destin'd to the urn
Of some chaste Naiad, that gives birth to floods,
Whose fragrant virtues hail Edina, fam'd
For yellow limpid—whose chaste name the Muse

Deems too exalted to retail in song.

Ah me ! No longer they, at midnight shade,
With baneful sting, shall seek the downy couch
Of slumbering mortals.—Nor shall love-sick swain,
When, by the bubbling brook, in fairy dream,
His nymph, but half reluctant to his wish,
Is gently folded in his eager arms,
E'er curse the shaft envenom'd, that disturbs
His long-lov'd fancies.—Nor shall hungry bard,
Whose strong imagination, whetted keen,
Conveys him to the feast, be tantaliz'd
With poisonous tortures, when the cup, brimful
Of purple vintage, gives him greater joy
Than all the Heliconian streams that play
And murmur round Parnassus. Now the wretch
Oft doom'd to restless days and sleepless nights,
By bugbear Conscience thrall'd, enjoys an hour
Of undisturb'd repose.—The miser, too,
May brook his golden dreams, nor wake with fear
That thieves or kindred (for no soul he'll trust)
Have broke upon his chest, and strive to steal
The shining idols of his useless hours.

Happy the bug, whose unambitious views
To gilded pomp ne'er tempt him to aspire !
Safely may he, enwrapt in russet fold
Of cobweb'd curtain, set at bay the fears
That still attendant are on bugs of state.
He never knows at morn the busy brush

Of scrubbing chambermaid. His coursing blood
 Is ne'er obstructed with obnoxious dose,
 By Oliphant prepar'd—too poisonous drug!
 As fatal to this hated crawling tribe
 As ball and powder to the sons of war.

A SATURDAY'S EXPEDITION,

IN MOCK HEROICS.

Non mira, sed vera, canam.

At that sweet period of revolving time
 When Phoebus lingers not in Thetis' lap;
 When twinkling stars their feeble influence shed,
 And scarcely glimmer through the ethereal vault,
 Till Sol again his near approach proclaims,
 With ray purpureal, and the blushing form
 Of fair Aurora, goddess of the dawn,
 Leading the winged coursers to the pole
 Of Phoebus' car.—'Twas in that season fair,
 When jocund Summer did the meads array
 In Flora's ripening bloom, that we prepar'd
 To break the bond of business, and to roam
 Far from Edina's jarring noise a while.

Fair smil'd the wakening morn on our design;
 And we, with joy elate, our march began
 For Leith's fair port, where oft Edina's sons

The week conclude, and in carousal quaff
Port, punch, rum, brandy, and Geneva strong,
Liquors too nervous for the feeble purse.
With all convenient speed we there arriv'd :
Nor had we time to touch at house or hall,
Till from the boat a hollow thundering voice
Bellow'd vociferous, and our ears assail'd
With, " Ho! Kinghorn, oho! come straight aboard!
We fail'd not to obey the stern command,
Utter'd with voice as dreadful as the roar
Of Polyphemus, 'mid rebounding rocks,
When overcome by sage Ulysses' wiles.

" Hoist up your sails," the angry skipper cries,
While fore and aft the busy sailors run,
And loose the entangled cordage.—O'er the deep
Zephyrus blows, and hugs our lofty sails,
Which, in obedience to the powerful breeze,
Swell o'er the foaming main, and kiss the wave.

Now o'er the convex surface of the flood
Precipitate we fly—our foaming prow
Divides the saline stream—on either side
Ridges of yesty surge dilate apace ;
But from the poop the waters gently flow,
And undulation for the time decays,
In eddies smoothly floating o'er the main.

Here let the Muse in doleful numbers sing
The woeful fate of those, whose cruel stars
Have doom'd them subject to the languid powers

Of watery sickness.—Though with stomach full
Of juicy beef, of mutton in its prime,
Or all the dainties Luxury can boast,
They brave the elements,—yet the rocking bark,
Truly regardless of their precious food,
Converts their visage to the ghastly pale,
And makes the sea partaker of the sweets
On which they sumptuous far'd.—And this the cause
Why those of Scotia's sons whose wealthy store
Hath bless'd them with a splendid coach and six,
Rather incline to linger on the way,
And cross the river Forth by Stirling bridge,
Than be subjected to the ocean's swell,
To dangerous ferries, and to sickness dire.
— And now at equal distance shews the land :
Gladly the tars the joyful task pursue
Of gathering in the freight—Debates arise
From counterfeited halfpence—In the hold
The seamen scrutinize and eager peep
Through every corner where their watchful eye
Suspects a lurking place, or dark retreat,
To hide the timid corpse of some poor soul,
Whose scanty purse can scarce one groat afford.
At length, we, cheerful, land on Fife shore,
Where sickness vanishes, and all the ills
Attendant on the passage of Kinghorn.
Our pallid cheeks resume their rosy hue,
And empty stomachs keenly crave supply.

With eager step we reach'd the friendly inn ;
Nor did we think of beating our retreat
Till every gnawing appetite was quell'd.

Eastward along the Fife coast we stray :
And here the unwearied eye may fondly gaze
O'er all the tufted groves and pointed spires
With which the pleasant banks of Forth are crown'd
Sweet navigable stream ! where Commerce reigns,
Where Peace and jocund Plenty smiles serene.
On thy green banks sits Liberty enthron'd
But not that shadow which the English youth
So eagerly pursue ; but freedom bought,
When Caledonia's triumphant sword
Taught the proud sons of Anglia to bemoan
Their fate at Bannockburn, where thousands came—
Never to tread their native soil again.

Far in a rugged den, where Nature's hand
Had careless strew'd the rocks, a dreadful cave,
Whose concave cieling echoed to the floods
Their hollow murmurs on the trembling shore,
Demanded our approach. The yawning porch
Its massy sides disclos'd, and o'er the top
The ivy tendrils twin'd the uncultur'd fern.
Fearful, we pry into the dreary vault,
Hoary with age, and breathing noxious damps.
Here screaming owls may unmolested dwell
In solitary gloom :—for few there are
Whose inclination leads them to review

A cell where putrid smells infectious reign*.

Then, turning westward, we our course pursue
 Along the verge of Fortha's briny flood,
 Till we o'ertake the gradual rising dale
 Where fair Burntisland rears her reverend dome :
 And here the vulgar sign-post, painted o'er
 With imitations vile of man and horse ;
 Of small beer frothing o'er the unshapely jug ;
 With courteous invitation, spoke us fair
 To enter in, and taste what precious drops
 Were there reserv'd to moisten strangers' throats,
 Too often parch'd upon the tedious way.

After regaling here with sober can,
 Our limbs we plied, and nimbly measur'd o'er
 The hills, the vales, and the extensive plains,
 Which form the distance from Burntisland's port
 To Inverkeithing. Westward still we went,
 Till in the ferry boat we loll'd at ease ;
 Nor did we long on Neptune's empire float :
 For scarce ten posting minutes were elaps'd
 Till we again on terra firma stood,
 And to M'Laren's march'd, where roasted lamb,
 With cooling lettuce, crown'd our social board.
 Here, too, the cheering glass, chief foe to cares,
 Went briskly round ; and many a virgin fair

* A large cave at a small distance from Kinghorn,
 supposed, about a century ago, to have been the haunt of
 thieves.

Receiv'd our homage in a bumper full.

Thus having sacrific'd a jocund hour
To smiling Mirth, we quit the happy scene;
And move progressive to Edina's walls.

Now still returning eve creep'd gradual on,
And the bright sun, as weary of the sky,
Beam'd forth a languid occidental ray,
Whose ruby-tinctur'd radiance faintly gleam'd
Upon the airy cliffs and distant spires,
That float on the horizon's utmost verge.

So we, with fessive joints and lingering pace,
Mov'd slowly on, and did not reach the town
Till Phoebus had unyok'd his prancing steeds,

Ye sons of Caledonia! who delight,
With all the pomp and pageantry of state,
In gilded affluence to roll along;
Weaning your better thoughts from these,
List to this humble strain.—If you, like us,
Could brave the angry waters; be uprous'd
By the first salutation to the morn
Paid by the watchful cock; or be compell'd
On foot to wander o'er the lonely plain
For twenty tedious miles; then should the Gout,
With all his racking pangs, forsake your frame.
The field to traverse, or the rugged steep
To climb, delights him not; but to recline
On the luxuriance of a velvet fold,
Where Indolence on purple sofa lolls.

THE
CANONGATE PLAYHOUSE IN RUINS,
A BURLESQUE POEM.

YE few, whose feeling hearts are ne'er estrang'd
From soft emotions !—Ye, who often wear
The eye of Pity, and oft vent her sighs,
When sad Melpomene, in woe-fraught strains,
Gains entrance to the breast ; or often smile
When brisk Thalia gaily trips along
Scenes of enlivening mirth ; attend my song !
And Fancy ! thou, whose ever-flaming light
Can penetrate into the dark abyss
Of chaos and of hell ; O ! with thy blazing torch
The wasteful scene illumine, that the Muse,
With daring pinions, may her flight pursue,
Nor with timidity be known to soar
O'er the theatric world, to chaos chang'd.

Can I contemplate those deserted scenes
Of mouldering desolation, and forbid
The elegiac voice, and falling tear !
No more, from box to box, the basket, pil'd
With oranges as radiant as the spheres,
Shall with their luscious virtues charm the sense
Of taste and smell. No more the gaudy beau,
With handkerchief in lavender well drench'd,
Or bergamot, or in rosewater pure,
With flavoriferous sweets shall chase away

The pestilential fumes of vulgar cits;
 Who, in impatience for the curtain's rise,
 Amus'd the lingering moments, and apply'd
 Thirst-quenching porter to their parched lips.

Alas, how sadly alter'd is the scene!
 For, lo! those sacred walls, that late were brush'd
 By rustling silks and waving capuchins,
 Are now become the sport of wrinkled Time!
 Those walls, that late have echo'd to the voice
 Of stern King Richard, to the seat transform'd
 Of crawling spiders and detested moths,
 Who in the lonely crevices reside,
 Or gentler in the beams, that have upheld
 Gods, demi-gods, and all the joyous crew
 Of thunderers in the galleries above.

O Shakespeare! where are all thy tinsell'd kings,
 Thy fawning courtiers, and thy waggish clowns?
 Where all thy fairies, spirits, witches, fiends,
 That here have gamboll'd in nocturnal sport,
 Round the lone oak, or sunk in fear away
 From the shrill summons of the cock at morn?
 Where now the temples, palaces, and towers?
 Where now the groves that ever verdant smil'd?
 Where now the streams that never ceas'd to flow?
 Where now the clouds, the rains, the hails, the winds,
 The thunders, lightnings, and the tempests strong?

Here shepherds, loling in their woven bowers,
 In dull recitativo often sung
 Their loves, accompanied with clangor strong

From horns, from trumpets, clarinets, bassoons ;
From violinoes sharp, or droning bass,
Or the brisk tinkling of a harpsichord.

Such is thy power, O Music ! such thy fame,
That it has fabled been, how foreign song,
Soft issuing from Tenducci's slender throat,
Has drawn a plaudit from the gods enthron'd
Round the empyreum of Jove himself,
High seated on Olympus' airy top.

Nay, that his feverous voice was known to sooth
The shrill-ton'd parting of the females' tongues,
Who, in obedience to the lifeless song,
All prostrate fell, all, fainting, died away
In silent ecstasies of passing joy.

Ye, who oft wander, by the silver light
Of sister Luna, or to the church-yard's gloom,
Or cypress shades ; if Chance should guide your steps
To this sad mansion, think not that you tread
Unconsecrated paths : for on this ground
Have holy streams been pour'd, and flowerets strew'd ;
While many a kingly diadem, I ween,
Lies useless here entomb'd, with heaps of coin
Stamp'd in theatric mint : offenceless gold !
That carried not persuasion in its hue,
Mankind to tutor in their evil ways.
After a lengthen'd series of years,
When the unhallowed spade shall discompose
This mass of earth, then relics shall be found,

Which, or for gems of worth, or Roman coins,
Well may obtrude on antiquary's eye.

Ye spouting blades ! regard this ruin'd fane,
And nightly come within those naked walls,
To shed the tragic tear. Full many a drop
Of precious inspiration have you suck'd
From its dramatic sources. Oh ! look here
Upon this roofless and forsaken pile,
And stalk in pensive sorrow o'er the ground
Where you've beheld so many noble scenes.

Thus, when the mariner to foreign clime
His bark conveys, where odoriferous gales,
And orange groves, and love-inspiring wine,
Have oft repaid his toil ; if earthquake dire,
With hollow groanings and convulsive pangs,
The ground hath rent, and all those beauties foil'd
Will he refrain to shed the grateful drop ;
A tribute justly due (though seldom paid)
To the blest memory of happier times ?

FASHION,

A POEM.

*Bred up where discipline most rare is,
In military garden, Paris.*

HUDIBRAS

O NATURE, parent goddess ! at thy shrine,
Prone to the earth, the Muse, in humble song,

Thy aid implores: nor will she wing her flight,
Till thou, bright form! in thy effulgence pure,
Deign'st to look down upon her lowly state,
And shed thy powerful influence benign.

Come, then, regardless of vain Fashion's fools;
Of all those vile enormities of shape
That crowd the world; and with thee bring
Wisdom, in sober contemplation clad,
To lash those bold usurpers from the stage.

On that gay spot where the Parisian dome
To fools the stealing hand of Time displays,
Fashion her empire holds; a goddess great!
View her, amidst the Millenarian train,
On a resplendent throne exalted high,
Strangely diversified with gewgaw forms.
Her busy hand glides pleasurably o'er
The darling novelties, the trinkets rare,
That greet the sight of the admiring dames,
Whose dear-bought treasures o'er their native isle
Contagious spread, infect the wholesome air
That cherish'd vigour in Britannia's sons.

Near this proud seat of Fashion's antic form
A sphere revolves, on whose bright orb behold
The circulating mode of changeful dress,
Which, like the image of the Sun himself,
Glories in coursing through the diverse signs
Which blazon in the zodiac of heaven.
Around her throne coquets and petits beaux

Unnumber'd shine, and with each other vie
In nameless ornaments and gaudy plumes.
O worthy emulation ! to excel
In trifles such as these : how truly great !
Unworthy of the peevish blubbering boy,
Crush'd in his childhood by the fondling nurse,
Who, for some favorite bawble, frets and pines.

Amongst the proud attendants of this shrine,
The wealthy, young, and gay Clarinda draws
From poorer objects the astonish'd eye.
Her looks, her dress, and her affected mien
Speak her enthusiast keen in Fashion's train.
White as the cover'd Alps, or wintry face
Of snowy Lapland, her toupee, uprear'd,
Exhibits to the view a cumbrous mass
Of curls high nodding o'er her polish'd brow ;
From which redundant flows the Brussels lace,
With pendant ribbons, too, of various dye,
Where all the colours in the ethereal bow
Unite, and blend, and tantalize the sight.

Nature ! to thee alone, not Fashion's pomp,
Does Beauty owe her all-commanding eye.
From the green bosom of the watery main,
Array'd by thee, majestic Venus rose,
With waving ringlets carelessly diffus'd,
Floating luxurious o'er the restless surge.
What Rubens then, with his enlivening hand,
Could paint the bright vermilion of the cheek,

Pure as the roseate portal of the east,
That opens to receive the cheering ray
Of Phoebus beaming from the orient sky?
For sterling Beauty needs no faint essays,
Or colourings of art, to gild her more :—
She is all perfect.—And, if Beauty fail,
Where are those ornaments, those rich attires,
Which can reflect a lustre on that face,
Where she with light innate disdains to shine?

Britons! beware of Fashion's luring wiles.
On either hand, chief guardians of her power,
And sole dictators of her fickle voice,
Folly and dull effeminacy reign;
Whose blackest magic and unhallowed spells
The Roman ardor check'd; their strength decay'd;
And all their glory scatter'd to the winds.

Tremble, O Albion! for the voice of Fate
Seems ready to decree thy speedy fall.
By pride, by luxury, what fatal ills,
Unheeded, have approach'd thy mortal frame!
How many foreign weeds their heads have rear'd
In thy fair garden? Hasten, ere their strength
And baneful vegetation taint the soil,
To root out rank disease, which soon must spread,
If no bless'd antidote will purge away
Fashion's proud minions from our sea-girt isle.

A BURLESQUE ELEGY

On the Amputation of a Student's Hair, before his Orders

O SAD catastrophe! event most dire!

How shall the loss, the heavy loss, be borne?
Or how the Muse attune the plaintive lyre,
To sing of Strephon with his ringlets shorn?

Say ye, who can divine the mighty cause,
From whence this modern circumcision springs?
Why such oppressive and such rigid laws
Are still attendant on religious things?

Alas, poor Strephon! to the stern decree
Which prunes your tresses, are you doom'd to yield
Soon shall your caput, like the blasted tree,
Diffuse its faded honors o'er the field.

Now let the solemn sounds of mourning swell,
And wake sad echoes to prolong the lay;
For, hark! methinks I hear the tragic knell;
This hour bespeaks the barber on his way.

O razor! yet thy poignant edge suspend;
O yet indulge me with a short delay;
Till I once more portray my youthful friend,
Ere his proud locks are scatter'd on the clay;—

Ere the huge wig, in formal curls array'd,
 With pulvil pregnant, shall o'ershade his face;
 Or, like the wide umbrella, lend its aid,
 To banish lustre from the sacred place.

Mourn, O ye zephyrs! for, alas! no more
 His waving ringlets shall your call obey!
 For, ah! the stubborn wig must now be wore,
 Since Strephon's locks are scatter'd on the clay.

Amanda, too, in bitter anguish sighs,
 And grieves the metamorphosis to see.
 Mourn not, Amanda! for the hair that lies
 Dead on the ground shall be reviv'd for thee.

Some skilful artist of a French friseur,
 With graceful ringlets shall thy temples bind,
 And cull the precious relics from the floor,
 Which yet may flutter in the wanton wind.

VERSES

Written at the Hermitage of Braid, near Edinburgh.

Would you relish a rural retreat,
 Or the pleasure the groves can inspire,
 The city's allurements forget,—
 To this spot of enchantment retire;

Where a valley, and crystalline brook,
Whose current glides sweetly along,
Give Nature a fanciful look,
The beautiful woodlands among.

Behold the umbrageous trees
A covert of verdure have spread,
Where shepherds may loll at their ease,
And pipe to the musical shade.

For, lo! through each opening is heard,
In concert with waters below,
The voice of a musical bird,
Whose numbers melodiously flow.

The bushes and arbors so green,
The tendrils of spray interwove,
With foliage shelter the scene,
And form a retirement for love.

Here Venus transported may rove
From pleasure to pleasure unseen,
Nor wish for the Cyprian grove
Her youthful Adonis to screen.

Oft let me contemplative dwell
On a scene where such beauties appear:—
I could live in a cot or a cell,
And never think solitude near.

A TALE.

THOSE rigid pedagogues and fools,
Who walk by self-invented rules,
Do often try, with empty head,
The emptier mortals to mislead,
And fain would urge, that none but they
Could rightly teach the A, B, C;
On which they've got an endless comment,
To trifling minds of mighty moment,
Throwing such barriers in the way
Of those who genius display,
As often, ah! too often tease
Them out of patience, and of fees,
Before they're able to explode
Obstructions thrown on Learning's road.
May mankind all employ their tools
To banish pedantry from schools!
And may each pedagogue avail,
By listening to this simple tale!

Wise Mr Birch had long intended
The alphabet should be amended,
And taught that H a breathing was;
Ergo he saw no proper cause,
Why such a letter should exist:
Thus in a breath was he dismiss'd,
With, "O beware, beware, O youth!
"Take not the villain in your mouth."

One day this alphabetic sinner
 Was eager to devour his dinner,
 When to appease the craving glutton,
 His boy Tom produc'd the mutton.
 Was such disaster ever told?
 Alas, the meat was deadly cold!
 Here take and h—eat it, says the master;
 Quoth Tom, that shall be done, and fast, Sir:
 And few there are who will dispute it,
 But he went instantly about it;
 For Birch had scorn'd the H to say,
 And blew him with a puff away.

The bell was rung with dread alarm.—
 “Bring me the mutton:—Is it warm?”
 ‘Sir, you desir’d, and I have eat it.’
 “You lie:—My orders were to heat it.”
 Quoth Tom, I’ll readily allow
 That H is but a breathing now.

THE PEASANT, THE HEN, AND YOUNG DUCKS,

A FABLE.

A HEN, of all the dunghill crew
 The fairest, stateliest to view,
 Of laying tir’d, she fondly begs
 Her keeper’s leave to hatch her eggs.

He, dunn'd with the incessant cry,
Was forc'd for peace' sake to comply :—
And, in a month, the downy brood
Came chirping round the hen for food,
Who view'd them with parental eyes
Of pleasing fondness and surprise,
And was not at a loss to trace
Her likeness growing in their face ;
Though the broad bills could well declare
That they another's offspring were :
So strong will prejudices blind,
And lead astray the easy mind.

To the green margin of the brook
The hen her fancied children took :—
Each young one shakes his unfledg'd wings,
And to the flood by instinct springs :—
With willing strokes they gladly swim,
Or dive into the glassy stream,
While the fond mother vents her grief,
And prays the peasant's kind relief.
The peasant heard the bitter cries,
And thus in terms of rage replies :
“ You fool ! give o'er your useless moan,
“ Nor mourn misfortunes not your own ;
“ But learn in wisdom to forsake
“ The offspring of the duck and drake.”
To whom the hen, with angry crest
And scornful look, herself address :

" If Reason were my constant guide
 " (Of man the ornament and pride),
 " Then should I boast a cruel heart,
 " That feels not for another's smart :
 " But, since poor I, by instinct blind,
 " Can boast no feelings so refin'd,
 " 'Tis hop'd your reason will excuse,
 " Though I your counsel sage refuse,
 " And from the perils of the flood
 " Attempt to save another's brood."

MORAL.

When Pity, generous nymph ! possess'd,
 And mov'd at will, the human breast,
 No tongue its distant sufferings told,
 But she assisted, she condol'd,
 And willing bore her tender part
 In all the feelings of the heart :
 But now from her our hearts' decoy'd,
 To sense of others' woes destroy'd,
 Act only from a selfish view,
 Nor give the aid to Pity due.

 S O N G.

WHERE winding Forth adorns the vale,
 Fond Strephon, once a shepherd gay,
 Did to the rocks his lot bewail,
 And thus address'd his plaintive lay :

- " O Julia ! more than lily fair ;
 " More blooming than the budding rose ;
" How can thy breast, relentless, bear
 " A heart more cold than Winter's snows.

" Yet nipping Winter's keenest sway
 " But for a short-liv'd space prevails :
" Spring soon returns, and cheers each spray,
 " Scented with Flora's fragrant gales.
" Come, Julia ! come ; thy love obey,
 " Thou mistress of angelic charms !
" Come, smiling like the morn in May,
 " And bless thy Strephon's longing arms.

" Else, haunted by the fiend Despair,
 " He'll court some solitary grove,
" Where mortal foot did ne'er repair
 " But swains oppress'd by hapless love.
" From the once pleasing rural throng
 " Remov'd, he'll through the desert stray,
" Where Philomela's mournful song
 " Shall join his melancholy lay."
-

SONG.

AMIDST a rosy bank of flowers,
Damon, forlorn, deplor'd his fate ;
In sighs he spent his languid hours,
And breath'd his woes in doleful state.

No more shall gaiety cheer his mind ;
 No wanton sports can sooth his care ;
 Since sweet Amanda prov'd unkind,
 And left him full of black despair.

His looks, that were as fresh as morn,
 Can now no longer smiles impart ;
 His pensive soul, on sadness borne,
 Is rack'd and torn by Cupid's dart.

Turn, fair Amanda ! cheer your swain ;
 Unshroud him from his veil of woe ;
 Turn, gentle nymph ! and ease the pain
 That in his tutor'd breast doth grow.

EXTEMPORE,

*On being asked which of three Sisters was the most
 beautiful.*

WHEN Paris gave his voice, in Ida's grove,
 For the resistless Venus, queen of love,
 'Twas no great task to pass a judgment there,
 Where she alone was exquisitely fair :
 But here what could his ablest judgment teach,
 When wisdom, power, and beauty, reign in each ?
 The youth, nonplu'd, behov'd to join with me,
 And wish the apple had been cut in three.

ON SEEING A LADY PAINT HERSELF.

WHEN, by some misadventure cross'd,
 The banker hath his fortune lost,
 Credit his instant need supplies,
 And for a moment blinds our eyes :
 So Delia, when her beauty's flown,
 Trades on a bottom not her own,
 And labours to escape detection,
 By putting on a false complexion.

 EXTEMPORE,

*On seeing Stanzas addressed to Mrs Hartley, Comedian,
 wherein she is described as resembling Mary Queen
 of Scots.*

HARTLEY resembles Scotland's Queen,
 Some bard enraptur'd cries ;
 A flattering bard he is, I ween,
 Or else the Painter lies.

 ON THE DEATH OF MR THOMAS LAN-
 CASHIRE, COMEDIAN.

ALAS, poor Tom ! how oft with merry heart,
 Have we beheld thee play the Sexton's part ?
 Each comic heart must now be griev'd to see
 The Sexton's dreary part perform'd on thee.

TO THE MEMORY OF
JOHN CUNNINGHAM THE POET.

*Sing his praises that doth keep
Our flocks from harm ;
Pan, the father of our sheep :
And, arm in arm,
Tread we softly in a round,
While the hollow neighbouring ground
Fills the music with her sound.*

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

YE mournful meanders and groves,
Delight of the Muse and her song !
Ye grottos and dripping alcoves,
No strangers to Corydon's tongue !

Let each Sylvan and Dryad declare
His themes and his music how dear,
Their plaints and their dirges prepare,
Attendant on Corydon's bier.

The Echo that join'd in the lay,
So amorous, sprightly, and free,
Shall send forth the sounds of dismay,
And sigh with sad pity for thee.

Wild wander his flocks with the breeze ;
His reed can no longer control ;
His numbers no longer can please,
Or send kind relief to the soul.

But long may they wander and bleat;
To hills tell the tale of their woe;
The woodlands the tale shall repeat,
And the waters shall mournfully flow.

For these were the haunts of his love,
The sacred retreats of his ease,
Where favorite fancy would rove,
As wanton, as light as the breeze.

Her zone will discolour'd appear,
With fanciful ringlets unbound;
A face pale and languid she'll wear;
A heart fraught with sorrow profound.

The reed of each shepherd will mourn;
The shades of Parnassus decay:
The Muses will dry their sad urn,
Since 'rest of young Corydon's lay.

To him every passion was known
That throb'd in the breast with desire;
Each gentle affection was shewn
In the soft sighing songs of his lyre.

Like the caroling thrush on the spray
In music soft warbling and wild,
To love was devoted each lay,
In accents pathetic and mild.

Let Beauty and Virtue revere,
And the songs of the shepherd approve,
Who felt, who lamented the snare,
When repining at pitiless love.

The Summer but languidly gleams ;
Pomona no comfort can bring ;
Nor valleys, nor grottos, nor streams,
Nor the May-born flowerets of Spring.

They've fled all with Corydon's Muse,
For his brows to form chaplets of woe ;
Whose reed oft awaken'd their boughs,
As the whispering breezes that blow.

To many a fanciful spring
His lyre was melodiously strung ;
While fairies and fauns, in a ring,
Have applauded the swain as he sung.

To the cheerful he usher'd his smiles ;
To the woeful his sigh and his tear ;
A condoler with Want and her toils,
When the voice of Oppression was near.

Though titles and wealth were his due ;
Though Fortune denied his reward ;
Yet Truth and Sincerity knew
What the goddess would never reveal.

Avails aught the generous heart,
Which Nature to Goodness design'd,
If Fortune denies to impart
Her kindly relief to the mind?

'Twas but faint the relief to dismay,
The cells of the wretched among;
Though Sympathy sung in the lay;
Though melody fell from his tongue.

Let the favor'd of Fortune attend
To the ills of the wretched and poor:
Though Corydon's lays could befriend,
'Tis riches alone that can cure.

But they to Compassion are dumb;
To Pity their voices unknown;
Near Sorrow they never can come,
Till Misfortune has mark'd them her own.

Now the shades of the evening depend;
Each warbler is lull'd on the spray;
The cypress doth ruefully bend
Where reposes the Shepherd's cold clay.

Adieu, then, the songs of the swain;
Let peace still attend on his shade;
And his pipe, that is dumb to his strain,
In the grave be with Corydon laid.

THE DELIGHTS OF VIRTUE.

RETURNING morn, in orient blush array'd,
With gentle radiance hail'd the sky serene ;
No rustling breezes wav'd the verdant shade ;
No swelling surge disturb'd the azure main.

These moments, Meditation ! sure, are thine ;
These are the halcyon joys you wish to find,
When Nature's peaceful elements combine
To suit the calm composure of the mind.

The Muse, exalted by thy sacred power,
To the green mountain's airy summit flew,
Charm'd with the thoughtful stilness of an hour,
That usher'd beaming Fancy to her view.

Fresh from old Neptune's fluid mansion sprung
The Sun, reviver of each drooping flower ;
At his approach, the lark, with matin song,
In notes of gratitude confess'd his power.

So shines fair Virtue, shedding light divine
On those who wish to profit by her ways ;
Who ne'er at parting with their vice repine,
To taste the comforts of her blissful rays.

She with fresh hopes each sorrow can beguile ;
Can dissipate Adversity's deep gloom ;
Make meagre Poverty contented smile ;
And the sad wretch forget his hapless doom.

Sweeter than shady groves in Summer's pride,
Than flowery dales or grassy meads, is she ;
Delightful as the honey'd streams that glide
From the rich labors of the busy bee.

Her paths and alleys are for ever green :—
There Innocence, in snowy robes array'd,
With smiles of pure content, is hail'd the queen
And happy mistress of the sacred shade.

O let no transient gleam of earthly joy
From virtue lure your laboring steps aside ;
Nor instant grandeur future hopes annoy
With thoughts that spring from insolence and pride.

Soon will the winged moments speed away,
When you'll no more the plumes of Honor wear :
Grandeur must shudder at the sad decay,
And Pride look humble when he ponders there.

Depriv'd of Virtue, where is Beauty's power ?
Her dimpled smiles, her roses, charm no more.
So much can guilt the loveliest form deflower :—
We loath that beauty which we lov'd before.

How fair are Virtue's buds, where'er they blow,
Or in the desert wild, or garden gay !
Her flowers how sacred, wheresoe'er they shew,
Unknown to killing canker and decay !

A TAVERN ELEGY.

FLED are the moments of delusive mirth ;
The fancied pleasure ! paradise divine !
Hush'd are the clamors that derive their birth
From generous floods of soul-reviving wine.

Still night and silence now succeed their noise ;
The erring tides of passion rage no more ;
But all is peaceful as the ocean's voice
When breezeless waters kiss the silent shore.

Here stood the juice, whose care-controlling powers
Could every human misery subdue,
And wake to sportive joy the lazy hours,
That to the languid senses hateful grew.

Attracted by the magic of the bowl,
Around the swelling brim in full array
The glasses circled, as the planets roll
And hail with borrow'd light the god of day.

Here Music, the delight of moments gay,
Bade the unguarded tongues their motions cease,
And with a mirthful, a melodious lay,
Aw'd the fell voice of Discord into peace.

These are the joys that Virtue must approve,
While Reason shines with majesty divine,
Ere our ideas in disorder move,
And sad excess against the soul combine.

What evils have not frantic mortals done
By wine, that *ignis fatuus* of the mind !
How many by its force to Vice are won,
Since first ordain'd to tantalize mankind !

By Bacchus' power, ye sons of riot ! say,
How many watchful sentinels have bled ?
How many travellers have lost their way,
By lamps unguided through the evening shade ?

O spare those friendly twinklers of the night !
Let no rude cane their hallow'd orbs assail !
For Cowardice alone condemns the light,
That shews her countenance aghast and pale.

Now the short taper warns me to depart
Ere Darkness shall assume his dreary sway ;
Ere Solitude fall heavy on my heart,
That lingers for the far approach of day.

Who would not welcome the less dreaded doom,
To be for ever number'd with the dead,
Rather than bear the miserable gloom,
When all his comforts, all his friends, are fled?

Bear me, ye gods! where I may calmly rest
From all the follies of the night secure,
The balmy blessings of repose to taste,
Nor hear the tongue of Outrage at my door.

GOOD EATING.

HEAR, O ye host of Epicurus! hear!
Each portly form, whose overhanging paunch
Can well denote the all-transcendent joy
That springs unbounded from fruition full
Of rich repast;—to you I consecrate
The song adventurous;—happy if the Muse
Can cook the numbers to your palates keen,
Or send but half the relish with her song,
That smoking sirloins to your souls convey.

Hence now, ye starvelings wan! whose empty sides
Of echo to the hollow-murmuring tones
Of hunger fell.—Avaunt, ye base-born hinds!
Whose fates unkind ne'er destin'd you to gorge
The banquet rare, or wage a pleasing war

With the delicious morsels of the earth.
To you I sing not :—for, alas ! what pain,
What tantalizing tortures would ensue,
To aid the force of Famine's sharpest tooth,
Were I to breathe my accents in your ear !

Hail, Roast Beef ! monarch of the festive throng,
To hunger's bane the strongest antidote ;
Come, and with all thy rage-appeasing sweets
Our appetites allay ! For, or attended
By root Hibernian, or plumpudding rare,
Still thou art welcome to the social board.
Say, can the spicy gales from Orient blown,
Or Zephyr's wing, that from the orange groves
Brushes the breeze, with rich perfumes replete,
More aromatic or reviving smell
To nostrils bring ? Or can the glassy streams
Of Pactolus, that o'er his golden sands
Delightful glide, thy luscious drops outvie,
That from thy sides imbrown'd unnumber'd fall ?
Behold, at thy approach, what smiles serene
Beam from the ravish'd guests !—Still are their tongues,
While they, with whetted instruments, prepare
For deep incision.—Now the abscess bleeds,
And the devouring band, with stomachs keen,
And glutting rage, thy beauteous form destroy ;
Leave you a skeleton marrowless and bare,
A prey to dunghills, or vexatious sport
Of torrent rushing from Defilement's urns,

That o'er the city's flinty pavement hurls.

So fares it with the man, whose powerful self
Once could command respect. Caress'd by all,
His bounties were as lavish as the hand
Of yellow Ceres, till his stores decay'd :
And, then, (O dismal tale !) those precious drops
Of flattery that bedew'd his spring of fortune,
Leave the sad winter of his state so fallen,
Nor nurse the thorn from which they ne'er can hope
Again to pluck the odor-dropping rose !

For thee, Roast Beef ! in variegated shapes,
Have mortals toil'd.—The sailor sternly braves
The strength of Boreas, and exulting stands
Upon the sea-wash'd deck. With hopes inspir'd
Of yet indulging in thy wish'd-for sweets,
He smiles amidst the dangers that surround him ;
Cheerful he steers to cold forbidden climes ;
Or to the torrid zone explores his way.

Be kind, ye Powers ! and still, propitious, send
This paragon of feeding to our halls.
With this regal'd, who would, vain-glorious, wish
For towering pyramids superbly crown'd
With jellies, syllabubs, or icecreams rare ?
These can amuse the eye, and may bestow
A short-liv'd pleasure to a palate strange :
But, for a moment's pleasure, who would vend
A lifetime that would else be spent in joy,
For hateful loathings, and for gouty rheums,

Ever preceded by indulg'd excess?

Blest be those walls, where Hospitality
And Welcome reign at large! There may you oft
Of social cheer partake, and love, and joy;
Pleasures that to the human mind convey
Ideal pictures of the bliss supreme:
But near the gate where Parsimony dwells,
Where Ceremony cool, with brow austere,
Confronts the guests, ne'er let thy foot approach!
Depriv'd of thee, heav'n-born Benevolence!
What is life's garden but a devious wild,
Through which the traveller must pass forlorn,
Unguided by the aid of Friendship's ray?
Rather, if Poverty hold converse with thee,
To the lone garret's lofty bield ascend,
Or dive to some sad cell:—there have recourse
To meagre offals, where, though small thy fare,
Freedom shall wing thee to a purer joy
Than banquets with superfluous dainties crown'd,
Mix'd with reserve and coolness, can afford.

But, if your better fortunes have prepar'd
Your purse with ducats, and with health your frame,
Assemble, friends! and to the tavern straight,
Where the officious drawer, bending low,
Is passive to a fault. Then, nor the Signior Grand,
Nor Russia's Empress, signaliz'd for war,
Can govern with more arbitrary sway.

Ye, who for health, for exercise, for air,

Oft saunter from Edina's smoke-capt spires,
And, by the grassy hill, or dimpled brook,
An appetite revive, should often stray
O'er Arthur's-seat's green pastures, to the town
For sheepheads and bone-bridges fam'd of yore,
That in our country's annals stands yclept
Fair Duddingstonia, where you may be bless'd
With simple fare and vegetable sweets,
Freed from the clamors of the busy world.

Or, if for recreation you should stray
To Leithian shore, and breathe the keener air
Wafted from Neptune's empire of the main ;
If appetite invite, and cash prevail,
Ply not your joints upon the homeward track,
Till Lawson, chiefest of the Scottish hosts !
To nimblefooted waiters give command
The cloth to lay.—Instinctively they come ;
And, lo ! the table, wrapt in cloudy steams,
Groans with the weight of the transporting fare,
That breathes frankincense on the guests around.

Now, while stern Winter holds his frigid sway,
And to a period spins the closing year ;
While festivals abound, and sportive hours
Kill the remembrance of our waning time,
Let not Intemperance, destructive fiend !
Gain entrance to our halls.—Despoil'd by him,
Shall cloy'd appetite, forerunner sad
Of rank disease, inveterate clasp your frame.

Contentment shall no more be known to spread
Her cherub wings round thy once happy dwelling,
But misery of thought, and racking pain,
Shall plunge you headlong to the dark abyss.

T E A,

A POEM.

YE maidens modest ! on whose sullen brows
Hath weaning Chastity her wrinkles cull'd ;
Who constant labor o'er consumptive oil,
At midnight knell, to wash Sleep's nightly balm
From closing eyelids, with the grateful drops
Of Tea's bless'd juices ; list the obsequious lays,
That come not, with Parnassian honors crown'd,
To dwell in murmurs o'er your sleepy sense ;
But, fresh from Orient blown, to chase far off
Your lethargy ; that dormant needles, rous'd,
May pierce the waving mantua's silken folds.
For many a dame, in chamber sadly pent,
Hath this reviving liquor call'd to life :
And well it did, to mitigate the frowns
Of anger, reddening on Lucinda's brow
With flash malignant, that had harbor'd there,
If she at masquerade, or play, or ball,
Appear'd not in her newest, best attire.
But Venus, goddess of the eternal smile,

Knowing that stormy brows but ill become
Fair patterns of her beauty, hath ordain'd
Celestial Tea;—a fountain that can cure
The ills of passion, and can free from frowns,
And sobs, and sighs, the disappointed fair.

To her, ye fair! in adoration bow.
Whether at blushing morn. or dewy eve,
Her smoking cordials greet your fragrant board,
With Hyson, or Bohea, or Congo crown'd.
At midnight skies, ye mantua-makers! hail
The sacred offering.—For the haughty belles
No longer can upbraid your lingering hands,
With trains upborne aloft by dusty gales
That sweep the ball-room. Swift they glide along,
And, with their sailing streamers, catch the eye
Of some Adonis, mark'd to love a prey,
Whose bosom ne'er had panted with a sigh,
But for the silken draperies that enclose
Graces from Fancy's eye but ill conceal'd.

Mark well the fair! observe their modest eye,
With all the innocence of beauty bless'd.
Could Slander o'er that tongue its power retain,
Whose breath is music?—Ah, fallacious thought!
The surface is ambrosia's mingled sweets;
But all below is death. At tea-board met,
Attend their prattling tongues;—they scoff,—they rail
Unbounded: but their darts are chiefly aim'd
At some gay fair, whose beauties far eclipse

Her dim beholders ; who, with haggard eyes,
Would blight those charms where raptures long have
In ecstasy, delighted and suffic'd. [dwelt

In vain hath Beauty, with her varied robe,
Bestow'd her glowing blushes o'er her cheeks,
And call'd attendant graces to her aid,
To blend the scarlet and the lily fair.
In vain did Venus in her favorite mould
Adapt the slender form to Cupid's choice.
When Slander comes, her blasts too fatal prove ;
Pale are those cheeks where youth and beauty glow'd ;
Where smiles, where freshness, and where roses grew :
Ghastly and wan their Gorgon picture comes,
With every fury grinning from the looks
Of frightful monster. Envy's hissing tongue
With deepest vengeance wounds, and every wound
With deeper canker, deeper poison, teems.

O Gold ! thy luring lustre first prevail'd
On man to tempt the fretful winds and waves,
And hunt new fancies. Still, thy glaring form
Bids Commerce thrive, and o'er the Indian waves,
O'erstemming danger, draw the laboring keel
From China's coast to Britain's colder clime,
Fraught with the fruits and herbage of her vales.
In them whatever vegetable springs,
How loathsome and corrupted, triumphs here,
The bane of life, of health the sure decay :
Yet, yet we swallow, and extol the draught,

Though nervous ails should spring, and vaporish qualms
Our senses and our appetites destroy.

Look round, ye sipplers of the poison'd cup
From foreign plant distill'd ! No more repine,
That Nature, sparing of her sacred sweets,
Hath doom'd you in a wilderness to dwell ;
While round Britannia's streams she kindly rears
Green sage and wild thyme.--These were, sure, decreed,
As plants of Britain, to regale her sons
With native moisture, more refreshing sweet,
And more profuse of health and vigor's balm,
Than all the stems that India can boast.

THE SOW OF FEELING.

*Well ! I protest there's no such thing as dealing
With these starch'd poets,—with these Men of Feeling !*

EPILOGUE TO THE PRINCE OF TUNIS.

MALIGNANT planets ! do ye still combine
Against this wayward, dreary life of mine ?
Has pitiless Oppression—cruel case !
Gain'd sole possession of the human race ?
By cruel hands has every virtue bled,
And Innocence from men to vultures fled !

Thrice happy, had I liv'd in Jewish time,
When swallowing pork or pig was deem'd a crime ;

My husband long had bless'd my longing arms,
Long, long had known love's sympathetic charms !
My children, too,—a little suckling race,
With all their father growing in their face,
From their prolific dam had ne'er been torn,
Nor to the bloody stalls of butchers borne.

Ah, Luxury ! to you my being owes
Its load of misery,—its load of woes !
With heavy heart I saunter all the day ;
Gruntle and murmur all my hours away !
In vain I try to summon old desire
For favorite sports,—for wallowing in the mire :
Thoughts of my husband, of my children, slain,
Turn all my wonted pleasure into pain !
How oft did we, in Phoebus' warming ray,
Bask on the humid softness of the clay ?
Oft did his lusty head defend my tail
From the rude whispers of the angry gale ;
While nose-refreshing puddles stream'd around,
And floating odors hail'd the dung-clad ground.

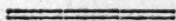
Near by a rustic mill's enchanting clack,
Where plenteous bushels load the peasant's back,
In straw-crown'd hovel, there to life we came,
One boar our father, and one sow our dam.
While tender infants on our mother's breast,
A flame divine in either shone confest :
In riper hours love's more than ardent blaze,
Enkindled all his passion, all his praise !

No deadly, sinful passion fir'd his soul;
Virtue o'er all his actions gain'd control!
That cherub which attracts the female heart,
And makes them soonest with their beauty part,
Attracted mine;—I gave him all my love,
In the recesses of a verdant grove:
'Twas there I listen'd to his warmest vows,
Amidst the pendant melancholy boughs;
'Twas there my trusty lover shook for me
A shower of acorns from the oaken tree;
And from the teeming earth, with joy, plough'd out
The roots salubrious with his hardy snout.

But Happiness! a floating meteor, thou,
That still inconstant art to man and sow,
Left'st us in gloomiest horrors to reside,
Near by the deep-dy'd sanguinary tide,
Where whetting steel prepares the butchering knives,
With greater ease to take the harmless lives
Of cows, and calves, and sheep, and hogs, who fear
The bite of bulldogs, that incessant tear
Their flesh, and keenly suck the blood-distilling ear!

At length, the day, the eventful day, drew near,
Detested cause of many a briny tear!
I'll weep, till sorrow shall my eyelids drain,
A tender husband, and a brother slain!
Alas, the lovely languor of his eye,
When the base murderers bore him captive by!
His mournful voice, the music of his groans,
Had melted any hearts—but hearts of stones!

O! had some angel at that instant come,
 Given me four nimble fingers and a thumb,
 The blood-stain'd blade I'd turn'd upon his foe,
 And sudden sent him to the shades below,—
 Where, or Pythagoras' opinion jests,
 Beasts are made butchers,—butchers chang'd to beasts,
 Wisely in early times the law decreed,
 For human food few quadrupeds should bleed;
 But monstrous man, still erring from the laws,
 The curse of heaven upon his banquet draws!
 Already has he drain'd the marshes dry,
 For frogs, new victims of his luxury;
 And soon the toad and lizard may come home,
 In his voracious paunch to find a tomb.
 Cats, rats, and mice, their destiny may mourn;
 In time their carcasses on spits may turn;
 They may rejoice to-day,—while I resign
 Life, to be number'd 'mongst the feeling swine.



AN EXPEDITION TO FIFE AND THE ISLAND OF MAY,

*On board the BLESSED ENDEAVOUR of Dunbar, Captain
Roxburgh Commander.*

LIST, O ye slumberers on the peaceful shore!
 Whose lives are one unvariegated calm
 Of stiltedness, and of sloth: And hear, O nymph!

In heaven yclepit Pleasure : from your throne,
Effulgent send a heavenly radiant beam,
That, cheer'd by thee, the Muse may bend her way:
For from no earthly flight she builds her song,
But from the bosom of green Neptune's main
Would fain emerge, and under Phebe's reign,
Transmit her numbers to inclining ears.

Now, when the warbling songsters quit the groves,
And solemn sounding whisperings lull the spray,
To meditation sacred, let me roam
O'er the bless'd floods that wash our natal shore,
And view the wonders of the deep profound,
While now the western breezes reign around,
And Boreas, sleeping in his iron cave,
Regains his strength and animated rage,
To wake new tempests, and inswell new seas.

And now Favonius wings the sprightly gale;
The willing canvass, swelling with the breeze,
Gives life and motion to our bounding prow,
While the hoarse boatswain's pipe, shrill sounding far,
Calls all the tars to action. Hardy sons!
Who shudder not at life's devouring gales,
But smile amidst the tempest's sounding jars,
Or 'midst the hollow thunders of the war.
Fresh sprung from Greenland's cold, they hail with joy
The happier clime, the fresh autumnal breeze,
By Sirius guided, to allay the heat,
That, else, would parch the vigor of their veins.

Hard change, alas ! from petrifying cold
Instant to plunge to the severest ray
That burning Dog-star or bright Phoebus sheds.
Like comet whirling through the ethereal void,
Now they are redden'd with the solar blaze,
Now froze and tortur'd by the frigid zone.

Thrice happy Britons ! whose well temper'd clay
Can face all climes, all tempests, and all seas.

These are the sons that check the growing war ;
These are the sons that hem Britannia round
From sudden innovation ;—awe the shores,
And make their drooping pendants hail her queen
And mistress of the globe.—They guard our beds,
While fearless we enjoy secure repose,
And all the blessings of a bounteous sky.

To them in feverous adoration bend,
Ye fashion'd macaronies ! whose bright blades
Were never dimm'd or stain'd with hostile blood,
But still hang dangling on your feeble thigh,
While through the Mall or Park you shew away,
Or through the drawing-room on tiptoe steal.

On poop aloft, to messmates laid along,
Some son of Neptune, whose old wrinkled brow
Has brav'd the rattling thunder, tells his tale
Of dangers, sieges, and of battles dire,
While they, as Fortune favors, greet with smiles ;
Or heave the bitter sympathetic sigh,
As the capricious fickle goddess frowns.

Ah ! how unstable are the joys of life ?
The pleasures, ah ! how few ?—Now smile the skies
With aspect mild ; and now the thunders shake,
And all the radiance of the heavens deflower.
Through the small opening of the Mainsail broad,
Lo, Boreas steals, and tears him from the yard,
Where long and lasting he has play'd his part !
So suffers Virtue. When in her fair form
The smallest flaw is found, the whole decays.
In vain she may implore with piteous eye,
And spread her naked pinions to the blast :
A reputation maim'd finds no repair,
Till Death, the ghastly monarch, shuts the scene.

And now we gain the May, whose midnight light,
Like vestal virgins' offerings undecay'd,
To mariners bewilder'd acts the part
Of social friendship, guiding those that err
With kindly radiance to their destin'd port.

Thanks, kindest Nature ! for those floating gems,
Those green-grown isles, with which you, lavish, strew
Great Neptune's empire. But for thee ! the main
Were an uncomfortable mazy flood.
No guidance, then, would bless the steersman's skill,
No resting-place would crown the mariner's wish,
When he to distant gales his canvass spreads,
To search new wonders.—Here the verdant shores
Teem with new freshness, and regale our sight
With caves that ancient time, in days of yore,

Sequester'd for the haunt of Druid lone,
There to remain in solitary cell,
Beyond the power of mortals to disjoin
From holy meditation.—Happy now
To cast our eyes around from shore to shore,
While by the oozy caverns on the beach
We wander wild, and listen to the roar
Of billows murmuring with incessant noise.

And now, by Fancy led, we wander wild
Where o'er the rugged steep the buried dead
Remote lie anchor'd in their parent mould;
Where a few fading willows point the state
Of man's decay. Ah, Death! where'er we fly,
Whether we seek the busy and the gay,
The mourner or the joyful, there art thou.
No distant isle, no surly swelling surge,
E'er aw'd thy progress, or control'd thy sway,
To bless us with that comfort, length of days,
By all aspir'd at, but by few attain'd.

To Fife we steer; of all beneath the sun
The most unhallow'd 'mid the Scotian plains!
And here (sad emblem of deceitful times!)
Hath sad Hypocrisy her standard borne.
Mirth knows no residence; but ghastly Fear
Stands trembling and appall'd at airy sights.
Once, only once! Reward it, gracious Powers!
Did Hospitality, with open face,
And winning smile, cheer the deserted sight,

That, else, had languish'd for the bless'd return
 Of beauteous day, to dissipate the clouds
 Of endless night, and superstition wild,
 That constant hover o'er the dark abode.
 O happy Lothian ! happy thrice thy sons !
 Who ne'er yet ventur'd from the southern shore
 To tempt Misfortune on the Fife coast :
 Again with thee we dwell, and taste thy joys,
 Where Sorrow reigns not, and where every gale
 Is fraught with fulness, bless'd with living hope,
 That fears no canker from the year's decay.

TO SIR JOHN FIELDING,

ON HIS ATTEMPT TO SUPPRESS THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

*When you censure the age,
 Be cautious and sage,
 Lest the courtiers offended should be ;
 When you mention vice or bribe,
 'Tis so pat to all the tribe,
 Each cries,—It was levell'd at me.*

GAY.

'Tis woman that seduces all mankind.

FILCH.

BENEATH what cheerful region of the sky
 Shall Wit, shall Humor, and the Muses fly ?
 For ours, a cold, inhospitable clime,
 Refuses quarter to the Muse and rhyme.

If on her brows an envied laurel springs,
They shake its foliage ; crop her growing wings,
That with the plumes of virtue wisely soar,
And all the follies of the age explore :
But should old Grub her rankest venom pour,
And every virtue with a vice deflower,
Her verse is sacred, Justices agree ;
Even Justice Fielding signs the wise decree.

Let fortunedealers, wise predictors ! tell,
From what bright planet Justice Fielding fell.
Augusta trembles at the awful name ;
The darling tongue of Liberty is tame,
Basely confin'd by him in Newgate chains,
Nor dare exclaim how harshly Fielding reigns.

In days when every mercer has his scale,
To tell what piéces lack, how few prevail !
I wonder not the low-born menial trade,
By partial Justice has aside been laid :
For she no discount gives for Virtue worn ;
Her aged joints are without mercy torn.

In vain, O Gay ! thy Muse explor'd the way,
Of yore, to banish the Italian lay ;
Gave homely numbers sweet, though warmly strong ;
The British chorus bless'd the happy song :
Thy manly voice, and Albion's, then, were heard ;
Felt by her sons, and by her sons rever'd :
Eunuchs, not men, now bear aloft the palm,
And o'er our senses pour lethargic balm.

The Stage the truest mirror is of life :
 Our passions there revolve in active strife ;
 Each character is there display'd to view ;
 Each hates his own, though well assur'd 'tis true.
 No marvel, then, that all the world should own
 In Peachum's treachery Justice Fielding known ;
 Since thieves so common are, and, Justice ! you
 Thieves to the gallows for reward pursue.
 Had Gay, by writing, rous'd the stealing trade,
 You'd been less active to suppress your bread :
 For, trust me ! when a robber loses ground,
 You lose your living with your forty pound.

'Twas woman first that snatch'd the luring bait :
 The Tempter taught her to transgress and eat.
 Though wrong the deed, her quick compunction told ;
 She banish'd Adam from an age of gold.

When women now transgress fair Virtue's rules,
 Men are their pupils, and the stews their schools.
 From simple whoredom greater sins began
 To shoot, to bloom, to centre all in man :
 Footpads on Hounslow flourish here to-day ;
 The next, old Tyburn sweeps them all away.
 For woman's faults, the cause of every wrong,
 Men robb'd and murder'd, thieves at Tyburn strong
 In panting breasts to raise the fond alarm ;
 Make females in the cause of virtue warm ;
 Gay has compar'd them to the summer flow'r,
 The boast and glory of an idle hour :

When cropp'd, it falls, shrinks, withers, and decays,
And to oblivion dark consigns its days.

Hath this a power to win the female heart
Back from its vice, from virtue ne'er to part?
If so, the wayward virgin 'twill restore;
And murders, robberies, rapes, will be no more.

These were the lays of him who Virtue knew;
Her dictates who rever'd, and practis'd too;
No idle theorist in her guiltless ways,
He gave the spotless goddess all his days.

O Queensberry! his best and earliest friend;
All that his wit or learning could commend;
Thou best of patrons! of his Muse the pride!
Still in her pageant shalt thou first preside;
No idle pomp that riches can procure,
Sprung in a moment, faded in an hour,
But pageant, lasting as the uncropp'd bay,
That verdant triumphs with the Muse of Gay.

CHARACTER OF A FRIEND,

In an Epitaph which he desired the Author to write.

UNDER this turf, to mouldering earth consign'd,
Lies he, who once was fickle as the wind.
Alike the scenes of good and ill he knew,
From the chaste temple to the lewdest stew.

Virtue and Vice in him alternate reign'd ;—
 That fill'd his mind, and this his pocket drain'd ;
 Till in the contest they so stubborn grew,
 Death gave the parting blow, and both withdrew.

TO DR SAMUEL JOHNSON.

FOOD FOR A NEW EDITION OF HIS DICTIONARY.

*Let Wilkes and Churchill rage no more,
 Though scarce provision, learning's good :
 What can these hungries next implore ?
 Even Samuel Johnson loves our food.*

GREAT Pedagogue ! whose literarian lore,
 With syllable and syllable conjoin'd,
 To transmutate and varify, hast learn'd
 The whole revolving scientific names
 That in the alphabetic columns lie,
 Far from the knowledge of mortalic shapes ;
 As we, who never can peroculate
 The miracles by thee miraculiz'd,
 The Muse, silential long, with mouth apert,
 Would give vibration to stagnatic tongue,
 And loud encomiate thy puissant name,
 Eulogiated from the green decline
 Of Thames's banks to Scoticanian shores,
 Where Lochlomondian liquids undulize.

To meminate thy name in after times,
 The mighty Mayor of each regalian town
 Shall consignate thy work to parchment fair,
 In roll burgharian, and their tables all
 Shall fumigate with fumigation strong :
 Scotland, from perpendicularian hills,
 Shall emigrate her fair muttonian store,
 Which late had there in pedestration walk'd,
 And o'er her airy heights perambuliz'd.

Oh, blackest execrations on thy head,
 Edina shameless ! though he came within
 The bounds of your notation ; though you knew
 His honorific name ; you noted not,
 But basely suffer'd him to chariotize
 Far from your towers, with smoke that nubilate,
 Nor drank one amicitial swelling cup
 To welcome him convivial. Bailies all !
 With rage inflated, catenations* tear,
 Nor ever after be you vinculiz'd,
 Since you that sociability denied
 To him whose potent Lexiphanian style
 Words can prolongate, and inswell his page
 With what in others to a line's confin'd.

Welcome, thou verbal potentate and prince !
 To hills and valleys, where emerging oats
 From earth assuage our pauperty to bay,
 And bless thy name, thy dictionarian skill,

* Vide *Chains*.

JOHNSON.

Which there definitive will still remain,
And oft be speculiz'd by taper blue,
While youth studentious turn thy folio page.

Have you, as yet, in per'patetic mood,
Regarded with the texture of the eye
The cave cavernic, where fraternal bard,
Churchill, depicted pauperated swains
With thralldom and bleak want reduced sore ;
Where Nature, coloriz'd, so coarsely fades,
And puts her russet par'phernalia on ?
Have you, as yet, the way explorified
To let lignarian chalice, swell'd with oats,
Thy orifice approach ? Have you, as yet,
With skin fresh rubified with scarlet spheres,
Apply'd brimstonic unction to your hide,
To terrify the salamandrian fire,
That from involuntary digits asks
The strong allaceration ?—Or can you swill
The usquebalian flames of whisky blue,
In fermentation strong ? Have you apply'd
The kelt aërian to your Anglian thighs,
And with renunciation assigniz'd
Your breeches in Londona to be worn ?
Can you, in frigour of Highlandian sky,
On heathy summits take nocturnal rest ?
It cannot be :—You may as well desire
An alderman leave plumpuddenian store,
And scratch the tegument from pottage dish,

As bid thy countrymen, and thee, conjoin'd,
 Forsake stomachic joys. Then hie you home,
 And be a malcontent, that naked hinds,
 On lentiles fed, could make your kingdom quake,
 And tremulate Old England libertiz'd !

EPIGRAM

On seeing Scales used in a Mason Lodge.

WHY should the Brethren, met in Lodge,
 Adopt such awkward measures,
 To set their scales and weights to judge
 The value of their treasures ?

The law laid down from age to age,
 How can they well o'ercome it ?
 For it forbids them ~~to~~ engage
 With aught but Line and Plummet.

EPITAPH ON GENERAL WOLFE.

IN worth exceeding, and in virtue great,
 Words would want force his actions to relate
 Silence, ye bards ! eulogiums vain forbear ;
 It is enough to say that Wolfe lies here.

EPIGRAM

On the numerous Epitaphs for General Wolfe ; for the best of which a premium of One Hundred Pounds sterling was promised.

THE Muse, a shameless, mercenary jade !
Has now assum'd the arch-tongu'd lawyer's trade :
In Wolfe's deserving praises silent she,
Till flatter'd with the prospect of a fee.

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mr Wilson, at the Theatre-Royal, in the character of an Edinburgh Buck.

YE who oft finish care in Lethe's cup ;
Who love to swear, and roar, and keep it up ;
List to a brother's voice, whose sole delight
Is—sleep all day, and riot all the night.

Last night, when potent draughts of mellow wine
Did sober reason into wit refine ;
When lusty Bacchus had contriv'd to drain
The sullen vapors from our shallow brain,
We sallied forth (for valor's dazzling sun
Up to his bright meridian had run) ;
And, like renowned Quixote and his Squire,
Spoils and adventures were our sole desire.

First, we approach'd a seeming sober dame,
Preceded by a lanthorn's pallid flame,

Borne by a livery'd puppy's servile hand,
 The slave obsequious of her stern command.
 Curse on those cits, said I, who dare disgrace
 Our streets at midnight with a sober face ;
 Let never tallowchandler give them light,
 To guide them through the dangers of the night.
 The valet's cane we snatch'd ; and, demme ! I
 Made the frail lanthorn on the pavement lie.
 The guard, still watchful of the lieges harm,
 With slow-pac'd motion stalk'd at the alarm.
 Guard, " seize the rogues !" the angry madam cry'd ;
 And all the guard, with " sieze ta rogue," reply'd.

As, in a war, there's nothing judg'd so right
 As a concerted and prudential flight :
 So we, from guard and scandal to be freed,
 Left them the field and burial of their dead.

Next, we approach'd the bounds of George's Square :—
 Blest place !—No watch, no constables, come there.
 Now, had they borrow'd Argus' eyes who saw us,
 All was made dark and desolate as chaos :
 Lamps tumbled after lamps, and lost their lustres,
 Like doomsday, when the stars shall fall in clusters.
 Let Fancy paint what dazzling glory grew
 From crystal gems, when Phoebus came in view :
 Each shatter'd orb ten thousand fragments strews,
 And a new sun in every fragment shews.

Hear, then, my Bucks ! how drunken fate decreed us
 For a nocturnal visit to the Meadows,

And how we, valorous champions ! durst engage—
 O deed unequall'd !—both the Bridge and Cage,
 The rage of perilous winters which had stood ;—
 This 'gainst the wind, and that against the flood :
 But what nor wind, nor flood, nor heaven could bende'er,
 We tumbled down, my Bucks ! and made surrender.

What are your far-fam'd warriors to us,
 'Bout whom historians make such mighty fuss ?
 Posterity may think it was uncommon
 That Troy should be demolish'd for a woman ;
 But ours your ten years sieges will excel,
 And justly be esteem'd the nonpareil.
 Our cause is slighter than a dame's betrothing ;
 For all these mighty feats have sprung from—nothing.

MY LAST WILL.

WHILE sober folks, in humble prose,
 Estate, and goods, and gear dispose,
 A poet surely may disperse
 His moveables in doggerel verse ;
 And, fearing death my blood will fast chill,
 I hereby constitute my last will.

Then, wit ye me to have made o'er
 To Nature my poetic lore :
 To her I give and grant the freedom
 Of paying to the bards who need 'em

As many talents as she gave,
When I became the Muse's slave.

Thanks to the gods, who made me poor !
No lukewarm friends molest my door,
Who always shew a busy care
For being legatee or heir.
Of this stamp none will ever follow
The youth that's favor'd by Apollo.

But to those few who know my case,
Nor thought a poet's friend disgrace,
The following trifles I bequeath,
And leave them with my kindest breath ;
Nor will I burden them with payment
Of debts incurr'd, or coffin raiment,
As yet 'twas never my intent
To pass an Irish compliment.

To JAMIE RAE, who oft, *jocosus*,
With me partook of cheering doses,
I leave my snuff-box to regale
His senses after drowsy meal,
And wake remembrance of a friend
Who lov'd him to his latter end :
But if this pledge should make him sorry,
And argue like *memento mori*,
He may bequeath't 'mong stubborn fellows.
To all the finer feelings callous,
Who think that parting breath's a sneeze
To set sensations all at ease.

To OLIPHANT, my friend, I legate
 Those scrolls poetic, which he may get,
 With ample freedom to correct
 Those writs I ne'er could retrospect ;
 With power to him and his succession,
 To print and sell a new impression :
 And here I fix on Ossian's head
 A domicile for Doric reed,
 With as much power *ad Musae bona*
 As I *in propria persona*.

To HAMILTON I give the task
 Outstanding debts to crave and ask ;
 And that my Muse he may not dub ill,
 For loading him with so much trouble,
 My debts I leave him *singulatim*,
 As they are mostly *desperatim*.

To thee, whose genius can provoke
 Thy passions to the bowl or sock ;
 For love to thee, Woods ! and the Nine,
 Be my immortal Shakespeare thine.
 Here may you through the alleys turn,
 Where Falstaff laughs, where heroes mourn,
 And boldly catch the glowing fire
 That dwells in raptures on his lyre.

Now, at my dirge (if dirge there be),
 Due to the Muse and poetry,
 Let HUTCHISON attend ; for none is
 More fit to guide the ceremonies :

As I, in health, with him would often
 This clay-built mansion wash and soften;
 So let my friends with him partake
 The generous wine at dirge or wake.—

And I consent to registration
 Of this my will for preservation,
 That patent it may be, and seen,
 In WALTER'S Weekly Magazine.
 Witness whereof, these presents wrote are
 By William Blair, the public notar,
 And, for the tremor of my hand,
 Are sign'd by him at my command.

R. F. † *his mark.*

CODICILE

To R. Fergusson's Last Will.

WHEREAS, by test'ment, dated blank,
 Enroll'd in the poetic rank,
 'Midst brighter themes that weekly come
 To make parade at Walter's drum,
 I there, for certain weighty causes,
 Produc'd some kind bequeathing clauses,
 And left to friends (as 'tis the custom
 With nothing till our death to trust 'em)
 Some tokens of a pure regard
 From one who liv'd and died a bard.

If Poverty has any crime in
 Teaching mankind the art of rhyming ;
 Then, by these presents, know all mortals
 Who come within the Muses' portals,
 That I approve my will aforesaid,
 But think that something might be more said,
 And only now would humbly seek
 The liberty to add and leik
 To test'ment which already made is,
 And duly register'd, as said is.

To TULLOCH*, who, in kind compassion,
 Departed from the common fashion,
 And gave to me, who never paid it,
 Two flasks of port, upon my credit,
 I leave the flasks, as full of air,
 As his of ruddy moisture were ;
 Nor let him to complain begin ;
 He'll get no mōre of cat than skin.

To WALTER RUDDIMAN, whose pen
 Still screen'd me from the Duncce's den,
 I leave of phiz a picture, saving
 To him the freedom of engraving
 Therefrom a copy, to embellish,
 And give his work a smarter relish ;
 For prints and frontispieces bind do
 Our eyes to stationery window,
 As superfluties in clothes
 Set off and signalize the beaux :

* *A wine merchant.*

Not that I think in readers' eyes
 My visage will be deem'd a prize;
 But works that others would outrival,
 At glaring copperplates connive all;
 And prints do well with him that led is
 To shun the substance, hunt the shadows;
 For, if a picture, 'tis enough;
 A Newton, or a Jamie Duff*.
 Nor would I recommend to Walter,
 This scheme of copperplates to alter,
 Since others at the samen prices
 Propose to give a dish that nice is,
 Folks will desert his ordinary,
 Unless, like theirs, his dishes vary.

To WILLIAMSON†, and his reseters,
 Dispersing of the burial letters,
 That they may pass with little cost
 Fleet on the wings of Pennypost;
 Always providing and declaring,
 That Peter shall be ever sparing,
 To make, as use is, the demand
 For letters that may come to hand,
 To me address'd, while *locum tenens*
 Of earth and of corporeal penance;
 Where, if he fail, it is my will,
 His legacy be void and null.

* *A fool who attended at funerals.*

† *The Pennypostmaster.*

Let honest GREENLAW* be the staff
On which I lean for epitaph.
And, that the Muses, at my end,
May know I had a learned friend,
Such character as he has seen
In me through humor or chagrin,
I crave his genius may narrate in
The strength of Ciceronian Latin.

Reserving to myself the pow'r
To alter this at latest hour,
Cum privilegio revocare,
Without assigning *ratio quare* :
And I (as in the will before did)
Consent this deed shall be recorded :
In testimonium cujus rei,
These presents are deliver'd by

R. FERGUSSON.

* *An excellent classical scholar.*

SCOTS POEMS.

AN ECLOGUE.

'Twas e'ning whan the spreckled gowdspink sang ;
Whan new-fa'en dew in blobs o' crystal hang ;
Than Will and Sandie thought they'd wrought eneugh,
And loos'd their sair-toil'd owsen frae the pleugh.
Before they caw'd their beasts unto the town,
The lads, to draw their breath, e'en sat them down ;
To the stiff sturdy aik they lean their backs,
While honest Sandie thus begins the cracks.

SANDIE.

Aince I cou'd hear the lavrock's shrill-tun'd throat,
And listen to the clatterin' gowdspink's note ;
Aince I cou'd whistle, cantily as they,
To owsen, as they till'd my ruggit clay ;
But now, I wou'd as leive maist lend my lugs
To tuneless puddocks croakin' i' the bogs :
I sigh at hame ; afield am dowie too ;
To sowf a tune, I'll never crook my mou'.

WILLIE.

Foul fa' me ! gif your bridal had na been
Nae langer bygane than sin' Hallowe'en,

I cou'd ha'e tell'd you, but a warlock's art,
 That some daft lightlyin' quean had stow'n your heart;
 Our beasties here will tak' their e'ening pluck;
 An' now, sin' Jock's gane hame the byres to muck,
 Fain wou'd I houp my friend will be inclin'd
 To gi'e me a' the secrets o' his mind:
 Heh, Sandie, lad! what dool's come ovr ye now,
 That you to whistle ne'er will crook your mou'?

SANDIE.

Ah, Willie, Willie! I may date my wae
 Frae what beted me on my bridal day;
 Sair may I rue the hour in which our hands
 Were knit thegither in the haly bands;
 Sin' that I thrave sae ill, in troth, I fancy,
 Some fiend or fairy, nae sae very chancy,
 Has driven me, by pawky wiles uncommon,
 To wed this flytin' fury of a woman.

WILLIE.

Ah, Sandie! aften ha'e I heard you tell,
 Amang the lasses a' she bure the bell;
 And say, the modest glances o' her een
 Far dang the brightest beauties o' the green:
 You ca'd her ay sae innocent, sae young,
 I thought she kent na how to use her tongue.

SANDIE.

Before I married her, I'll tak' my aith,
 Her tongue was never louder than her breath;
 But now, its turn'd sae souple and sae bauld,
 That Job himsel' cou'd scarcely thole the scauld.

WILLIE.

Lat her yelp on ; be you as calm's a mouse ;
 Nor lat your whisht be heard into the house :
 Do what she can, or be as loud's she please,
 Ne'er mind her flytes, but set your heart at ease ;
 Sit down and blaw your pipe, nor fash your thumb,
 An', there's my hand, she'll tire, and soon sing dumb.
 Sooner shou'd Winter's cauld confine the sea,
 An' lat the sma'est o' our burns rin free ;
 Sooner at Yule-day shall the birk be drest,
 Or birds in sapless busses big their nest ;
 Before a tonguey woman's noisy plea
 Shou'd ever be a cause to danton me.

SANDIE.

Weel cou'd I this abide ; but, oh ! I fear,
 I'll soon be twin'd o' a' my warldly gear.
 My kirnstaff, now, stands gizzen'd at the door ;
 My cheese rack, toom, that ne'er was toom before ;
 My ky may, now, rin rowtin' to the hill,
 An' on the naked yird their milkness spill :
 She seenil lays her hand upo' a turn ;
 Neglects the kebbuck, and forgets the kirn ;
 I vow, my hair-moul'd milk wou'd poison dogs,
 As it stands lapper'd i' the dirty cogs.

Before the seed, I sell'd my ferra cow,
 An' wi' the profit coft a stane o' woo' :
 I thought, by priggin', that she might ha'e spun
 A plaidie, light, to screen me frae the sun ;
 But, though the siller's scant, the cleedin' dear.

She has na caw'd about a wheel the year.
 Last ouk but ane I was frae hame a day,
 Buying a threave or twa o' beddin' strae :
 O' ilka thing the woman had her will ;
 Had fouth o' meal to bake, and hens to kill :
 But hyn'awa' to Edinbrough scour'd she
 To get a makin' o' her fav'rite tea ;
 An', 'cause I left her na the weary clink,
 She pawn'd the very trunchers frae my bink.

WILLIE.

Her tea ! ah, wae betide sic costly gear,
 Or them that ever wad the price o't speer !
 Sin' my auld gutcher first the warld knew,
 Fouk had na fund the Indies whare it grew.
 I mind mysel', its nae sae lang sin' syne,
 Whan auntie Marion did her stamack tyne,
 That Davs, our gard'ner, came frae Applebog,
 An' ga'e her tea to tak' by way o' drog.

SANDIE.

Whan ilka herd for cauld his fingers rubs,
 An' cakes o' ice are seen upo' the dubs ;
 At mornin', whan frae pleugh or fauld I come,
 I'll see a braw reek rising frae my lum,
 An' ablins think to get a rantin' blaze,
 To fley the frost awa', and toast my taes ;
 But whan I shoot my nose in, ten to ane
 If I weelfar'dly see my ain hearthstane.
 She round the ingle wi' her gimmers sits,
 Crammin' their gebbies wi' her nicest bits,

While the gudeman, out-by, maun fill his crap
Frae the milk coggie, or the parritch cap.

WILLIE.

Sandy! gif this were ony common plea,
I shou'd the lealest o' my counsel gi'e;
But mak' or meddle betwixt man an' wife,
Is what I never did in a' my life.
Its wearin' on now to the tail o' May,
An' just between the barseed and the hay;
As lang's an'orrow mornin' can be spar'd,
Stap your wa's east the haugh, an' tell the laird:
For he's a man weel vers'd in a' the laws;
Kens baith their outs an' ins, their cracks, an' flaws;
An' ay right gleg, whan things are out o' joint,
At sattlin' o' a nice or kittle point.
But, yonder's Jock! he'll caw your owsen hame,
And tak' thir tidings to your thrawart dame,
That ye're awa' ae peacefu' meal to prie,
An' tak' your supper kail or sow'ns wi' me.

AN ECLOGUE,

*To the memory of Dr Wilkie, Professor of Natural
Philosophy in the University of St Andrew's.*

GEORDIE AND DAVIE.

GEORDIE.

Blaw saft, my reed, an' kindly to my maen;
Weel may ye thole a saft and dowie strain.

Nae mair to you shall shepherds, in a ring;
 Wi' blythness skip, or lasses lilt an' sing;
 Sic sorrow, now, maun sadden ilka ee;
 An' ilka waefu' shepherd grieve wi' me.

DAVIE.

Wharefor begin a sad an' dowie strain,
 Or banish liltin' frae the Fife plain?
 Though simmer's gane, an' we nae langer view
 The blades o' claver wat wi' pearls o' dew;
 Cauld Winter's bleakest blasts we'll eithly cour.
 Our eldin's driven, an' our har'st is owr;
 Our rucks, fu' thick, are stackit i' the yard;
 For the Yule feast a sautit mart's prepar'd;
 The ingle-nook supplies the simmer fields,
 An' aft as mony gleefu' maments yields.
 Swyth, man! fling a' your sleepy springs awa',
 An' on your canty whistle gi'es a blaw:
 Blythness, I trow, maun lighten ilka ee;
 An' ilka canty callant sing like me.

GEORDIE.

Na, na! a canty spring wad now impart
 Just threefauld sorrow to my heavy heart.
 Thof to the weet my ripen'd aits had fa'n,
 Or shake-winds owr my rigs wi' pith had blawn;
 To this I cou'd ha'e said, "I carena by,"
 Nor fund occasion, now, my cheeks to dry.
 Crosses like thae, or lake o' warld's gear,
 Are naething, whan we tyne a friend that's dear.

Ah! waes me for you, Willie! mony a day
 Did I wi' you on yon broom-thackit brae
 Hound aff my sheep, an' lat them careless gang
 To harken to your cheery tale or sang;
 Sangs that for ay, on Caledonia's strand,
 Shall sit the foremost 'mang her tunefu' band.

I dreamt, yestreen, his deadly wraith I saw
 Gang by my een, as white's the driven snaw;
 My colley, Ringie, youf'd and yowl'd a' night;
 Cour'd, an' crap nar me, in an unco fright:
 I waken'd, fley'd, an' shook baith lith an' limb;
 A cauldness took me, an' my sight grew dim;
 I kent that it forspak' approachin' wae,
 Whan my poor doggie was disturbit sae.
 Nae sooner did the day begin to dawn,
 Than I beyont the know fu' speedy ran,
 Whare I was keppit wi' the heavy tale
 That sets ilk dowie sangster to bewail.

DAVIE.

An' wha on Fife bents can weel refuse
 To gi'e the tear o' tribute to his Muse?—
 Fareweel ilk cheery spring, ilk canty note;
 Be daffin', an' ilk idle play, forgot:
 Bring, ilka herd, the mournfu', mournfu' boughs,
 Rosemary sad, and ever dreary yews;
 Thae lat be steepit i' the saut, saut tear,
 To weet wi' hallow'd draps his sacred bier,
 Whase sangs will ay in Scotland be rever'd,
 While slowgawin' owsen turn the flow'ry swaird;

While bonny lambies lick the dew's o' Spring;
While gaudsmen whistle, or while birdies sing.

GEORDIE.

'Twas na for weel-tim'd verse, or sangs alane,
He bure the bell frae ilka shepherd swain.
Nature to him had gi'en a kindly lore,
Deep a' her mystic ferlies to explore:
For a' her secret workings he cou'd gi'e
Reasons that wi' her principles agree.
Ye saw, yoursel', how weel his mailin' thrave;
Ay better faugh'd an' snodit than the lave:
Lang had the thistles an' the dockans been
In use to wag their taps upo' the green,
Whare now his bonny rigs delight the view,
An' thrivin' hedges drink the cauler dew*.

DAVIE.

'They tell me, Geordie! he had sic a gift,
That scarce a starnie blinkit frae the lift,
But he wou'd some auld warld name for't find,
As gart him keep it freshly in his mind.
For this, some ca'd him an uncanny wight:
The clash gaed round, "he had the second sight,"
A tale that never fail'd to be the pride
O' grannies spinnin' at the ingleside.

GEORDIE.

But now he's gane; an' Fame, that, whan alive,
Seenil lats ony o' her vot'ries thrive,

* *Dr Wilkie had a farm near St Andrew's, on which
he made great improvements.*

Will frae his shinin' name a' motes withdraw,
 An' on her loudest trump his praises blaw.
 Lang may his sacred banes untroubled rest !
 Lang may his truff in gowans gay be drest !
 Scholars an' bards unheard of yet shall come
 An' stamp memorials on his grassy tomb,
 Which in yon ancient kirkyard shall remain,
 Fam'd as the urn that ha'ds the Mantuan swain.

ELEGY

*On the Death of Mr David Gregory, Professor of
 Mathematics in the University of St Andrew's.*

Now mourn, ye college masters a' !
 An frae your een a tear let fa' ;
 Fam'd Gregory Death has ta'en awa',
 Without remeid ;
 The skaith ye've met wi's nae that sma',
 Sin' Gregory's dead.

The students, too, will miss him sair ;
 To school them weel, his eident care ;
 Now they may mourn for ever mair ;
 They ha'e great need :
 They'll hip the maist feck o' their lear,
 Sin' Gregory's dead.

He cou'd, by Euclid, prove lang syne,
A gangin' point compos'd a line.
By numbers, too, he cou'd divine,
Whan he did read,
That three times three just made up nine:
But now he's dead.

In Algebra weel skill'd he was,
An' kent fu' weel Proportion's laws:
He cou'd mak' clear baith B's and A's
Wi' his lang head;
Rin owr surd roots, but cracks or flaws;
But now he's dead.

Weel vers'd was he in architecture,
An' kent the nature o' the sector:
Upo' baith globes he weel cou'd lecture,
An' gar's tak' heed:
O' geometry he was the Hector:
But now he's dead.

Sae weel's he'd fley the students a',
Whan they were skelpin' at the ba':
They took leg-bail, an' ran awa'
Wi' pith an' speed:
We winna get a sport sae bra',
Sim' Gregory's dead.

Great 'casion ha'e we a' to weep,
 An' cleed our skins in mournin' deep,
 For Gregory death will fairly keep,
 To tak' his nap :
 He'll till the resurrection sleep,
 As sound's a tap.

THE DAFT DAYS.

Now mirk December's dowie face
 Glows ovr the rigs wi' sour grimace,
 While, through his *minimum* o' space,
 The bleer-ee'd sun,
 Wi' blinkin' light, an' stealin' pace,
 His race doth run.

Frae naked groves nae birdie sings ;
 To shepherd's pipe nae hillock rings ;
 The breeze nae od'rous flavour brings,
 Frae Borean cave ;
 And dwynin' Nature droops her wings,
 Wi' visage grave.

Mankind but scanty pleasture glean
 Frae snawy hill or barren plain,
 Whan Winter, 'midst his nippin' train,
 Wi' frozen spear,

Sends drift owr a' the bleak domain,
An' guides the weir.

Auld Reikie ! thou'rt the canty hole ;
A bield for mony a cauldrie soul,
Wha snugly at thine ingle loll,
Baith warm and couth ;
While round they gar the bicker roll,
To weet their mouth.

Whan merry Yule-day comes, I trow,
You'll scantlins find a hungry mou' ;
Sma' are our cares, our stamacks fu'
O' gusty gear,
An' kickshaws, strangers to our view
Sin' fairnyear.

Ye browster wives ! now busk ye braw,
An' fling your sorrows far awa' ;
Then, come an' gie's the tither blaw
O' reaming ale,
Mair precious than the Well o' Spa,
Our hearts to heal.

Then, though at odds wi' a' the warl',
Amang oursels we'll never quarrel ;
Though Discord gi'e a canker'd snarl,
To spoil our glee,

As lang's there's pith into the barrel,
 We'll drink an' gree.

Fiddlers ! your pins in temper fix,
 An' roset weel your fiddlesticks ;
 But banish vile Italian tricks
 Frae out our quorum ;
 Nor fortes wi' pianos mix ;—
 Gie's Tullochgorum.

For nought can cheer the heart sae weel,
 As can a canty Highland reel ;
 It even vivifies the heel
 To skip an' dance :
 Lifeless is he wha canna feel
 Its influence.

Let mirth abound ; let social cheer
 Invest the dawnin' o' the year ;
 Let blythesome Innocence appear,
 To crown our joy ;
 Nor Envy, wi' sarcastic sneer,
 Our bliss destroy.

An' thou, great god of *Aquavitae* !
 Wha sway'st the empire o' this city ;—
 Whan fu', we're sometimes capernoity ;—
 Be thou prepar'd
 To hedge us frae that black banditti,
 The city guard.

THE
KING'S BIRTHDAY IN EDINBURGH.

Oh ! qualis burly-burly fuit, si forte vidisses.

POLEMO-MIDDINIA.

I SING the day sae aften sung,
Wi' which our lugs ha'e yearly rung,
In whase loud praise the Muse has dung
A' kind o' print ;
But, wow ! the limmer's fairly flung ;
There's naething in't,

I'm fain to think the joys the same
In London town as here at hame,
Whare fouk o' ilka age and name,
Baith blind an' cripple,
Forgather aft, O fy for shame !
To drink an' tippie.

O Muse ! be kind, an' dinna fash us
To flee awa' beyont Parnassus,
Nor seek for Helicon to wash us,
That heath'nish spring ;
Wi' Highland whisky scour our hawses,
An' gar us sing.

Begin, then, dame ! ye've drunk you're fill ;
You wou'dna ha'e the tither gill ?
You'll trust me, mair wou'd do you ill,
An' ding you doitet ;

Troth, 'twou'd be sair against my will
To ha'e the wyte o't.

Sing, then, how, on the fourth o' June,
Our bells screed aff a loyal tune ;
Our ancient castle shoots at noon,
Wi' flagstaff buskit,
Frae which the sodger blades come down
To cock their musket.

Oh willawins, Mons Meg ! for you ;
'Twas firin' crack'd thy muckle mou' ;
What black mishanter gart ye spew
Baith gut and ga' ?
I fear, they bang'd thy belly fu',
Against the law.

Right seenil am I gi'en to bannin' ;
But, by my saul, ye was a cannon,
Cou'd hit a man, had he been stannin',
In shire o' Fife,
Sax lang Scots miles ayont Clackmannan,
An' tak' his life.

The hills in terror wou'd cry out,
An echo to thy dinsome rout ;
The herds wou'd gather in their nowt,
That glowr'd wi' wonder,

Haffins afley'd to bide thereout
To hear thy thunder.

Sing, likewise, Muse ! how bluegown bodies,
Like scarccraws new ta'en down frae woodies,
Come here to cast their clouted duddies,
An' get their pay :
Than them what magistrate mair proud is
On King's Birthday ?

On this great day the city guard,
In military art weel lear'd,
Wi' powder'd pow, an' shaven beard,
Gang through their functions,
By hostile rabble seldom spar'd
O' clarty unctions.

O soldiers ! for your ain dear sakes ;
For Scotland's, alias, Land o' Cakes ;
Gi'e not her bairns sic deadly paiks,
Nor be sae rude,
Wi' firelock or Lochaber aix,
As spill their blude.

Now round an' round the serpents whiz,
Wi' hissin' wrath an' angry phiz ;
Sometimes they catch a gentle giz,
Alack-a-day !

An' singe, wi' hair-devourin' biz,
Its curls away.

Shou'd th' owner patiently keek round,
To view the nature o' his wound,
Dead pussie, draggled through the pond,
Tak's him a lounder,
Which lays his honour on the ground
As flat's a flounder.

The Muse maun also now implore
Auld wives to steek ilk hole an' bore ;
If baudrins slip but to the door,
I fear, I fear,
She'll nae lang shank upo' all four
This time o' year.

Neist day ilk hero tells his news,
O' crackit crowns an' broken brows,
An' deeds that here forbid the Muse
Her theme to swell,
Or time mair precious to abuse,
Their crimes to tell.

She'll rather to the fields resort,
Whare music gars the day seem short ;
Whare doggies play, an' lambies sport,
On gowany braes ;
Whare peerless Fancy ha'ds her court,
An' tunes her lays.

CAULER OYSTERS.

*Happy the man, who, free from care and strife,
In silken or in leathern purse retains
A splendid shilling. He nor bears with pain
New oysters cry'd, nor sighs for cheerful ale.*

PHILLIPS.

O' a' the waters that can hobble
A fishing yole or sa'mon coble,
An' can reward the fisher's trouble,
Or south or north,
There's nane sae spacious an' sae noble,
As Frith o' Forth.

In her the skate an' codlin' sail;
The eel, fu' souple, wags her tail;
Wi' herrin', fleuk, and mackarel,
An' whitens dainty:
Their spindleshanks the labsters trail,
Wi' partans plenty.

Auld Reikie's sons blythe faces wear;
September's merry month is near,
That brings in Neptune's cauler cheer,
New oysters fresh:
The halesomest and nicest gear,
O' fish or flesh.

O! then, we needna gi'e a plack
For dand'ring mountebank or quack,

Wha o' their drogs sae bauldly crack,
An' spread sic notions,
As gar their feckless patients tak'
Their stinkin' potions.

Come, prie, frail man! for gin thou art sick,
The oyster is a rare cathartic,
As ever doctor patient gart lick,
To cure his ails;
Whether you ha'e the head or heart-ake;
It never fails.

Ye tipplers! open a' your poses;
Ye wha are fash'd wi' plucky noses!
Fling ower your craig sufficient doses;
You'll thole a hunder,
To fleg awa' your simmer roses,
An' naething under.

Whan big as burns the gutters rin,
Gin ye ha'e catcht a droukit skin,
To Luckie Middlemist's loup in,
An' sit fu' snug
Ower oysters an' a dram o' gin,
Or haddock lug.

Whan auld Saunt Giles, at aught o'clock,
Gars merchant lowns their shopies lock,

There we adjourn wi' hearty fouk
 To birl our bodles,
 An' get wharewi' to crack our joke,
 An' clear our noddles.

Whan Phoebus did his windocks steek,
 How aften at that ingle cheek
 Did I my frosty fingers beek,
 An' prie good fare?
 I trow, there was nae hame to seek,
 Whan steghin' there.

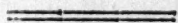
While glaikit fools, owr rife o' cash,
 Pamper their wames wi' fousom trash,
 I think a chiel' may gayly pass;
 He's nae ill bodden
 That gusts his gab wi' oyster sauce,
 An' hen weel sodden.

At Musselbrough, an' eke Newhaven,
 The fisherwives will get top livin',
 Whan lads gang out on Sundays' even
 To treat their joes,
 An' tak' o' fat pandors a prieven,
 Or mussel brose.

Than, sometimes, ere they flit their doup,
 They'll, ablins, a' their siller coup

For liquor clear, frae cutty stoup,
 To weet their wizen,
 An' swallow owr a dainty soup,
 For fear they gizen.

A' ye wha canna staun' sae sicker,
 Whan twice you've toom'd the big-ars'd bicker,
 Mix cauler oysters wi' your liquor,
 An' I'm your debtor,
 If greedy priest or drowthy vicar
 Will thole it better.



BRAID CLAITH.

YE wha are fain to ha'e your name
 Wrote i' the bonny book o' Fame,
 Let merit nae pretension claim
 To laurell'd wreath,
 But hap ye weel, baith back an' wame,
 In gude Braid Claith.

He that some ells o' this may fa',
 An' slae-black hat on pow like snaw,
 Bids bauld to bear the gree awa',
 Wi' a' this graith,

Whan bienly clad wi' shell fu' braw
O' gude Braid Claith.

Waesuck for him wha has nae feck o't!
For he's a gowk they're sure to geck at;
A chiel' that ne'er will be respeckit,
While he draws breath,
Till his four quarters are bedeckit
Wi' gude Braid Claith.

On Sabbath-days the barber spark,
Whan he has done wi' scrapin' wark,
Wi' siller broachie in his sark,
Gangs trigly, faith!
Or to the Meadow, or the Park,
In gude Braid Claith.

Weel might ye trow, to see them there,
That they to shave your haffits bare,
Or curl an' sleek a pickle hair,
Wou'd be right laith,
Whan pacin' wi' a gawsy air
In gude Braid Claith.

If ony mettled stirrah green
For favour frae a lady's een,
He maunna care for bein' seen
Before he sheath

His body in a scabbard clean
O' gude Braid Claith.

For, gin he come wi' coat threadbare,
A feg for him she winna care,
But crook her bonny mou' fu' sair,
And scauld him baith :
Wooers shou'd ay their travel spare,
Without Braid Claith.

Braid Claith lends fouk an unco heese ;
Mak's mony kailworms butterflees ;
Gie's mony doctor his degrees,
For little skaith :
In short, you may be what you please,
Wi' gude Braid Claith.

For, thof ye had as wise a snout on,
As Shakespeare or Sir Isaac Newton,
Your judgment fouk wou'd ha'e a doubt on,
I'll tak' my aith,
Till they cou'd see ye wi' a suit on
O' gude Braid Claith.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF SCOTS MUSIC.

*Mark it, Caesario ! it is old and plain,
 The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
 And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
 Do use to chant it.* SHAKESP. TWELFTH NIGHT.

ON Scotia's plains, in days of yore,
 Whan lads an' lasses tartan wore,
 Saft Music rang on ilka shore,
 In hamely weed ;
 But Harmony is now no more,
 An' Music dead.

Round her the feather'd choir wou'd wing ;
 Sae bonnily she wont to sing,
 And sleely wake the sleepin' string,
 Their sang to lead,
 Sweet as the zephyrs o' the Spring :
 But now she's dead.

Mourn ilka nymph, an' ilka swain,
 Ilk sunny hill, an' dowie glen ;
 Let weeping streams and Naiads drain
 Their fountainhead ;
 Let Echo swell the dolefu' strain,
 Sin' Music's dead.

Whan the saft vernal breezes caw
The grayhair'd Winter's fogs awa',
Naebody than is heard to blaw,
Near hill or mead,
On chaunter, or on aiten straw,
Sin' Music's dead.

Nae lasses now, on simmer days,
Will lilt at bleachin' o' their claes ;
Nae herds on Yarrow's bonny braes,
Or banks o' Tweed,
Delight to chaunt their hameil lays,
Sin' Music's dead.

At glowmin', now, the bagpipe's dumb,
Whan weary owsen hameward come ;
Sae sweetly as it wont to bum,
An' pibrachs skreed ;
We never hear its warlike hum ;
For Music's dead.

Macgibbon's gane ! ah, waes my heart !
The man in music maist expert,
Wha cou'd sweet melody impart,
An' tune the reed,
Wi' sic a slee an' pawky art :
But now he's dead.

Ilk carline now may grunt an' grane;
 Ilk bonny lassie mak' great mane;
 Sin' he's awa, I trow, there's nane
 Can fill his stead;
 The blythest sangster in the glen!
 Alack, he's dead!

Now foreign sonnets bear the gree,
 An' crabbit, queer variety
 O' sounds fresh sprung frae Italy;
 A bastard breed!
 Unlike that saft-tongu'd melody,
 Which now lies dead!

Cou'd lav'röcks, at the dawnin' day;
 Cou'd linties, chirmin' frae the spray;
 Or todlin' burns, that smoothly play
 Owr gowden beds;
 Compare wi' "Birks o' Indermay?"
 But now they're dead!

O Scotland! that cou'd aince afford
 To bang the pith o' Roman sword,
 Winna your sons, wi' joint accord,
 To battle speed,
 An' fight till Music be restor'd,
 Which now lies dead?

HALLOWFAIR.

At Hallowmas, whan nights grow lang,
An' starnies shine fu' clear ;
Whan fouk, the nippin' cauld to bang,
Their winter hap-warms wear ;
Near Edinbrough, a fair there ha'ds,
I wat there's nane whase name is,
For strappin' dames an' sturdy lads,
An' cap an' stoup, mair famous
Than it that day.

Upo' the tap o' ilka lum
The sun began to keek,
An' bad the trig-made maidens come
A sightly joe to seek
At Hallowfair, whare browsters rare
Keep gude ale on the gantries,
An' dinna scrimp ye o' a skair
O' kebbucks frae their pantries,
Fu' saut that day.

Here country John, in bannet blue,
An' eke his Sunday's claes on,
Rins after Meg wi' rokelay new,
An' sappy kisses lays on :
She'll tauntin' say, " Ye silly coof !
" Be o' your gab mair spairin' ;"

He'll tak' the hint, an' criesh her loof
 Wi' what will buy her fairin',
 To chow that day.

Here chapman billies tak' their stand,
 An' shaw their bonny wallies;
 Wow! but they lie fu' gleg aff hand
 To trick the silly fallows:
 Heh, sirs! what cairds an' tinklers come,
 An' ne'er-do-weel horse-coupers,
 An' spae-wives, fenzying to be dumb,
 Wi' a' siclike landloupers,
 To thrive that day!

Here Sawny cries, frae Aberdeen,
 "Come ye to me fa need;
 "The brawest shanks that e'er were seen
 "I'll sell ye cheap an' guid:
 "I wyt they are as protty hose
 "As come frae weyr or leem:
 "Here, tak' a rug, an' shaw's your pose;
 "Forseeth, my ain's but teem
 "An' light this day."

Ye wives, as ye gang through the fair,
 O mak' your bargains hooly!
 O' a' thir wylie louns beware,
 Or, fegs! they will ye spulzie.
 For, fairnyear, Meg Tampuson got,
 Frae thir mischievous villains;

A scaw'd bit o' a penny note,
 That lost a score o' shillin's
 To her that day.

The dinlin' drums alarm our ears ;
 The serjeant screechs fu' loud,
 " A' gentlemen an' volunteers
 " That wish your country gude,
 " Come here to me, an' I sall gi'e
 " Twa guineas an' a crown ;
 " A bowl o' punch, that, like the sea,
 " Will soum a lang dragoon
 " Wi' ease this day."

Without, the cuissars prance an' nicker,
 An' ower the ley-rig scud ;
 In tents, the carles bend the bicker,
 An' rant an' roar like wud.
 Than there's sic yellowchin' an' din,
 Wi' wives and wee-anes gabblin',
 That ane might true they were akin
 To a' the tongues at Babylon,
 Confus'd that day.

Whan Phoebus ligs in Thetis' lap,
 Auld Reikie gie's them shelter,
 Where cadgily they kiss the cap,
 An' caw't round helter-skelter.

Jock Bell gaed furth to play his freaks ;
 Great cause he had to rue it ;
 For frae a stark Lochaber aix
 He gat a clami hewit
 Fu' sair that night.

" Ohon ! (quo' he,) I'd rather be
 " By sword or bagnet stickit,
 " Than ha'e my crown or body wi'
 " Sic deadly weapons nickit."
 Wi' that he gat anither straik
 Mair weighty than before,
 That gar'd his feckless body aik,
 An' spew the reekin' gore
 Fu' red that night.

He pechin' on the cawsey lay,
 O' kicks an' cuffs weel sair'd ;
 A Highland aith the serjeant ga'e,
 " She maun pe see our guard."
 Out spak' the weirlike corporal,
 " Pring in ta drunken sot ;"
 They trail'd him ben, an' by my saul,
 He paid his drunken groat
 For that neist day.

Gude fouk ! as ye come frae the fair,
 Bide yont frae this black squad ;

There's nae sic savages elsewhere
Allow'd to wear cockad'.
Than the strong lion's hungry maw,
Or tusk o' Russian bear,
Frae their unruly fellin' paw
Mair cause ye ha'e to fear
Your death that day.

A wee soup drink does unco weel,
To ha'd the heart aboon;
It's gude, as lang's a canny chiel'
Can staun' steeve in his shoon.
But, gin a birkie's owr weel sair'd,
It gars him aften stammer
To ploys that bring him to the Guard,
An' eke the Councilchawmer,
Wi' shame that day.

ODE TO THE BEE.

HERDS! blythesome tune your canty reeds,
An' welcome to the gowany meads
The pride o' a' the insect thrang,
A stranger to the green sae lang.
Unfauld ilk buss, an' ilka brier,
The bounties o' the gleesome year,
To Him whase voice delights the Spring;
Whase soughs the safest slumbers bring.

The trees in simmer cleedin' drest,
 The hillocks in their greenest vest,
 The brawest flow'rs rejoic'd we see
 Disclose their sweets, an' ca' on thee,
 Blythely to skim on wanton wing
 Through a' the fairy haunts o' Spring.

Whan fields ha'e gat their dewy gift,
 An dawnin' breaks upo' the lift,
 Then gang your wa's through hight an' how,
 Seek cauler haugh or sunny know,
 Or ivy craig, or burn-bank brae,
 Where Industry shall bid you gae,
 For hiney, or for waxen store,
 To ding sad poortith frae the door.

Cou'd feckless creature, man ! be wise,
 The simmer o' his life to prize,
 In winter he might fend fu' bauld,
 His eild unkend to nippin' cauld ;
 Yet thir, alas ! are antrin fouk
 That lade their scape wi' winter stock.
 Auld age maist feckly glowrs right dour
 Upo' the ailings o' the poor,
 Wha houp for nae comforting, save
 That dowie, dismal house, the grave.
 Then, feeble man ! be wise ; tak' tent
 How Industry can fetch content :
 Beha'd the bees whare'er they wing,
 Or through the bonny bow'rs o' Spring,

Whare vi'lets or whare roses blaw,
An' siller dew-drops nightly fa',
Or whan on open bent they're seen,
On hether hill or thistle green ;
'The hiney's still as sweet that flows
Frae thistle cauld, or kendlin' rose.

Frae this the human race may learn
Reflection's hiney'd draps to earn,
Whether they tramp life's thorny way,
Or through the sunny vineyard stray.

Instructive bee ! attend me still ;
Owr a' my labours sey your skill :
For thee shall hineysuckles rise,
Wi' ladin' to your busy thighs,
An' ilka shrub surround my cell,
Whareon ye like to hum an' dwell :
My trees in bourachs owr my ground
Shall fend ye frae ilk blast o' wind :
Nor e'er shall herd, wi' ruthless spike,
Delve out the treasures frae your bike,
But in my fence be safe, an' free
To live, an' work, an' sing, like me.

Like thee, by Fancy wing'd, the Muse
Scuds ear' an' heartsome owr the dews,
Fu' vogie, an' fu' blythe to crap
The winsome flow'rs frae Nature's lap,
Twinin' her livin' garlands there,
That lyart Time can ne'er impair.

ON SEEING A BUTTERFLY IN THE
STREET.

DAFT gowk ! in macaroni dress,
Are ye come here to shaw your face,
Bowden wi' pride o' simmer gloss,
To cast a dash at Reikie's cross,
An' glowr at mony a twa-legg'd creature,
Flees braw by art, though worms by nature ?

Like country laird in city cleedin',
Ye're come to town, to lear good breedin' ;
To bring ilk darlin' toast an' fashion
In vogue among the flee creation,
That they, like buskit belles an' beaus,
May crook their mou' fu' sour at those
Whase weird is still to creep, alas !
Unnotic'd, 'mang the humble grass ;
While you, wi' wings new buskit trim,
Can far frae yird an' reptiles skim ;
Newfangle grown wi' new-got form,
You soar aboon your mither worm.

Kind Nature lent, but for a day,
Her wings, to mak' ye sprush an' gay :
In her habuliments a while
Ye may your former sel' beguile,
An' ding awa' the vexin' thought
O' hourly dwynin' into nought,
By beenging to your foppish brithers,
Black corbies dress'd in peacocks' feathers ;

Like thee, they dander here an' there,
 Whan Simmer's blinks are warm an' fair,
 An' loo to snuff the healthy balm
 Whan E'ehin' spreads her wing sae calm;
 But whan she girns and glowrs sae dour
 Frae Borean houff in angry show'r,
 Like thee, they scoug frae street or field,
 An' hap them in a lyther bield:
 For they were never made to dree
 The adverse gloom o' Fortune's ee;
 Nor ever prie'd life's pinin' woes;
 Nor pu'd the prickles wi' the rose.

Poor Butterfly! thy case I mourn;
 To green kailyard an' fruits return.
 How cou'd you troke the mavis' note
 For "penny pies, all piping hot?"
 Can linties' music be compar'd
 Wi' gruntles frae the city-guard?
 Or can our flow'rs, at ten hour's bell,
 The gowan or the spink excel?

Now, shou'd our sclates wi' hailstones ring,
 What cabbage fauld wad screen your wing?
 Say, flutt'ring fairy! wer't thy hap
 To light beneath braw Nanny's cap,
 Wad she, proud butterfly o' May!
 In pity, lat you skaithless stay?
 The furies glancin' frae her een
 Wad rug your wings o' siller sheen.

That, wae for thee ! far, far outvy
 Her Paris artist's finest dÿe ;
 Then a' your bonny ~~bonny~~ ^{bonny} ~~sprains~~ ^{sprains} wad fall,
 An' you a worm be left to crawl.

To sic mishanter rins the laird
 Wha quats his ha' house an' kailyard ;—
 Grows politician ;—scours to court,
 Whare he's the laughin' stock an' sport
 O' Ministers, wha jeer an' jibe,
 An' heese his hopes wi' thought o' bribe ;
 Till, in the end, they flae him bare ;
 Leave him to poortith, an' to care.
 Their fleetchin' words ovr late he sees.
 He trudges hame ;—repines,—an' dies.

Sic be their fa' wha dirk their ben
 In blackest business nae their ain ;
 An' may they scad their lips fu leal,
 That dip their spoons in ither's kail.

ODE TO THE GOWDSPINK.

FRAE fields whare Spring her sweets has blaw
 Wi' cauler verdure ovr the lawn,
 The Gowdspink comes, in new attire,
 The brawest 'mang the whistling choir,
 That, ere the sun can clear his een,
 Wi' glib notes sanc the Simmer's green.

Sure, Nature herried mony a tree,
For sprains an' bonny spats to thee.
Nae mair the Rainbow can impart
Sic glowin' ferlies o' her art,
Whase pencil wrought its freaks at will
On thee, the sey-piece o' her skill.
Nae mair, through straths in Simmer dight,
We seek the Rose to bless our sight ;
Or bid the bonny wa'-flowers sprout
On yonder ruin's lofty snout.
Thy shinin' garments far outstrip
'The cherries upo' Hebe's lip,
An' fool the tints that Nature chose
'To busk an' paint the crimson rose.

'Mang men, wae's heart ! we aften find
The brawest dress'd want peace o' mind ;
While he that gangs wi' ragged coat,
Is weel contentit wi' his lot.
Whan wand wi' glewy birdlime's set,
To steal far aff your dautit mate,
Blythe wad you change your cleedin' gay
In lieu of lavrock's sober gray.
In vain, through woods, you sair may ban
The envious treachery o' man,
That, wi' your gowden glister ta'en,
Still hunts you on the Simmer's plain,
An' traps you 'mang the sudden fa's
O' Winter's dreary, dreepin' snaws.

Now steekit frae the gowany field,
Frae ilka fav'rile houff and bield ;
But mergh, alas ! to disengage
Your bonny buik frae fetterin' cage,
Your freeborn bosom beats in vain
For darlin' liberty again.

In window hung, how aft we see
Thee keek around at warblers free,
That carol saft, and sweetly sing
Wi' a' the blythness o' the Spring ?
Like Tantalus they hing you here,
To spy the glories o' the year ;
An', though you're at the burnie's brink,
They douna suffer you to drink.

Ah, Liberty ! thou bonny dame,
How wildly wanton is thy stream,
Round whilk the birdies a' rejoice,
An' hail you wi' a gratefu' voice !
The Gowdspink chatters joyous here,
An' courts wi' gleesome sangs his peer ;
The mavis, frae the new-bloom'd thorn,
Begins his lauds at earest morn ;
An' herd louns, loupin' ovr the grass,
Need far less fleetchin' to their lass,
Than paughty damsels, bred at courts,
Wha thraw their mou's, an' tak' the dorts :
But, rest of thee, fient flee we care
For a' that life ahint can spare.

The Gowdspink, that sae lang has kend
 Thy happy sweets (his wonted friend),
 Her sad confinement ill can brook
 In some dark chamber's dowie nook.
 Though Mary's hand his neb supplies,
 Unkend to hunger's painfu' cries,
 Ev'n beauty canna cheer the heart
 Frae life, frae liberty apart :
 For now we tyne its wonted lay ;
 Sae lightsome sweet, sae blythly gay.

Thus, Fortune aft a curse can gi'e,
 To wyle us far frae liberty ;
 Then tent her syren smiles wha list,
 I'll ne'er envy your girdle's grist :
 For whan fair Freedom smiles nae mair,
 Care I for life? Shame fa' the hair !
 A field o'ergrown wi' rankest stubble,
 The essence of a paltry bubble.



CAULER WATER.

WHAN father Adie first put spade in
 The bonny yard of ancient Eden,
 His amry had nae liquor laid in,
 To fire his mou',
 Nor did he thole his wife's upbraidin',
 For being fu'.

A cauler burn o' siller sheen,
Ran cannily out ower the green;
And whan our gutcher's drouth had been
To bide right sair,
He loutit down, and drank bedeen
A dainty skair.

His bairns a', before the flood,
Had langer tack o' flesh and blood;
And on mair pithy shanks they stood
Than Noah's line,
Wha still ha'e been a feckless brood,
Wi' drinkin' wine.

The fuddlin' bardies, now a days,
Rin maukin-mad in Bacchus' praise;
And limp and stoiter through their lays
Anacreontic,
While each his sea of wine displays,
As big's the Pontic.

My Muse will no gang far frae hame,
Or scour a' airths to hound for fame;
In troth, the jillet ye might blame
For thinking on't,
Whan eithly she can find the theme
O' *aquafont*.

This is the name that doctors use,
Their patients noddles to confuse ;
Wi' simples clad in terms abstruse,
They labour still,
In kittle words to gar you roose
Their want o' skill.

But we'll ha'e nae sic clitter-clatter ;
And, briefly to expound the matter,
It shall be ca'd gude Cauler Water ;
Than whilk, I-trow,
Few drugs in doctors shops are better
For me or you.

Though joints are stiff as ony rung ;
Your pith wi' pain be fairly dung ;
Be you in Cauler Water flung
Out ovr the lugs ;
'Twill mak' you souple, swack, and young,
Withouten drugs.

Though cholic or the heart-scad teaze us ;
Or ony inward pain shou'd seize us ;
It masters a' sic fell diseases,
That wou'd ye spulzie,
And brings them to a canny crisis,
Wi' little tulzie.

Wer't na for it, the bonny lasses
Wad glowr nae mair in keekin'-glasses ;
An' soon tyne dint o' a' the graces,
That aft convey
In gleefu' looks, an' bonny faces, -
To catch our een.

The fairest, then, might die a maid,
An' Cupid quit his shootin' trade :
For wha, through clarty masquerade,
Cou'd then discover
Whether the features under shade
Were worth a lover ?

As simmer rains bring simmer show'rs,
And leaves to cleed the birken bow'rs ;
Sae beauty gets by cauler show'rs
Sae rich a bloom,
As for estate, or heavy dow'rs,
Aft stands in room.

What mak's Auld Reikie's dames sae fair ?
It canna be the halesome air ;
But cauler burn, beyond compare,
The best o' ony,
That gars them a' sic graces skair,
An' blink sae bonny.

On Mayday, in a fairy ring,
 We've seen them round St Anthon's spring,
 Frae grass the cauler dew-draps wring,
 To weet their een,
 And water clear, as crystal spring,
 To synd them clean.

O may they still pursue the way
 To look sae feat, sae clean, sae gay !
 Than shall their beauties glance like May ;
 And, like her, be
 The goddess of the vocal spray,
 The Muse, an' me.

THE SITTING OF THE SESSION.

PHOEBUS, sair cow'd wi' Simmer's hight,
 Cours near the yird wi' blinkin' light ;
 Cauld shaw the haughs, nae mair bedight
 Wi' Simmer's claes,
 Which heese the heart o' dowie wight
 That through them gaes.

Weel loes me o' you, Business ! now ;
 For ye'll weet mony a drouthy mou',
 That's lang a eis'nin' gane for you,
 Withouten fill

O' dribbles frae the gude brown cow,
Or Highland gill.

The Court o' Session, weel wat I,
Pits ilk chiel's whittle i' the pye ;
Can criesh the slawgawin' wheels whan dry,
Till Session's done ;
Though they'll gi'e mony a cheep', an' cry,
Or twalt o' June.

Ye benders a'! that dwell in joot,
You'll tak' your liquor clean cap out ;
Synd your mouse-webs wi' reamin' stout,
While ye ha'e cash,
And gar your cares a' tak' the rout,
An' thumb ne'er fash.

Rob Gibb's gray giz, new frizzled fine,
Will white as ony snaw-ba' shine ;
Weel does he lo'e the lawen coin,
Whan dossied down,
For whisky gills, or dribs o' wine,
In cauld forenoon.

Bar-keepers ! now, at outer door,
Tak' tent as fouk gang back an' fore ;
The fient ane there but pays his score ;
Nane wins toll-free ;

Though ye've a Cause the House before,
Or agent be.

Gin ony, here, wi' canker knocks,
An' has na loos'd his siller pocks,
Ye need na think to fleetch or cox ;—

“ Come shaw's your gear :—

“ Ae scabbit yew spills twenty flocks :—

“ Ye's no be here.”

Now, at the door, they'll raise a plea :—
Crack on, my lads ! for flyting's free ;
For gin ye shou'd tongue-tackit be,

The mair's the pity,

Whan scauldin' but an' ben we see,

Pendente lite.

The lawyers' shelves, and printers' presses,
Grain unco sair wi' weighty cases ;
The clark in toil his pleasure places,

To thrive bedeen :

At five hour's bell scribes shaw their faces,

An' rake their een.

The country fouk to lawyers crook :—

“ Ah, weel's me o' your bonny buik !

“ The benmost part o' my kist-nook

“ I'll ripe for thee,

“ An' willing ware my hindmost rook

“ For my decree.”

But Law's a draw-well unco deep,
 Withouten rim fouk out to keep;
 A donnart chiel', whan drunk, may dreep
 Fu' sleely in,
 But finds the gate baith stay an' steep,
 Ere out he win.

THE RISING OF THE SESSION.

To a' men livin' be it kend,
 The Session now is at an end.
 Writers! your finger nebs unbend,
 An' quat the pen,
 Till Time, wi' lyart pow, shall send
 Blythe June again.

Tir'd o' the law, an' a' its phrases,
 The wylie writers, rich as Croesus,
 Hurl frae the town in hackney chaises,
 For country cheer:
 The powny, that in Spring-time grazes,
 Thrives a' the year.

Ye lawyers! bid fareweel to lies:—
 Fareweel to din;—fareweel to fees:—
 The canny hours o' rest may please,
 Instead o' siller:

Hain'd mu'ter ha'ds the mill at ease,
 An' finds the miller.

Blythe they may be wha wanton play
 In Fortune's bonny blinkin' ray :
 Fu' weel can they ding dool away,
 Wi' comrades couthy,
 An' never dree a hungert day,
 Or e'enin' drouthy.

Ohon the day ! for him that's laid
 In dowie Poortith's cauldrie shade ;
 Ablins owr honest for his trade,
 He racks his wits
 How he may get his buik weel clad,
 An' fill his guts.

The farmers' sons, as yap as sparrows,
 Are glad, I trow, to flee the barras,
 An' whistle to the pleugh an' harrows,
 At barley seed :

What writer wadna gang as far as
 He cou'd for bread ?

After their yokin', I wat weel,
 They'll stoo the kebbuck to the heel ;
 Eith can the pleugh-stilts gar a chiel'
 Be unco vogie,

Clean to lick aff his crowdie-meal,
An' scart his cogie.

Now mony a fallow's dung adrift
To a' the blasts beneath the lift;
And, though their stamack's aft in tift,
In vacance time,
Yet seenil do they ken the rift
O' stappit wame.

Now, gin a Notar shou'd be wanted,
You'll find the pillars gayly planted.
For little thing protests are granted
Upo' a bill,
And weightiest matters covenanted
For half a gill.

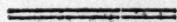
Naebody tak's a mornin' drib
O' Holland gin frae Robin Gibb;
And, though a dram to Rob's mair sib,
Than is his wife,
He maun tak' time to daut his rib,
Till siller's rife.

This vacance is a heavy doom
On Indian Peter's coffeeroom;
For a' his china pigs are toom;
Nor do we see
In wine the sucker biskets soum,
As light's a flee.

But stop, my Muse ! nor mak' a mane ;
 Pate doesna fend on that alane ;
 He can fell twa dogs wi' ae bane,
 While ithier fouk
 Maun rest themsel's content wi' ane,
 Nor farer trock.

Ye changehouse-keepers ! never grumble ;
 Though you a while your bickers whumble,
 Be unco patientfu' and humble,
 Nor mak' a din,
 Though good joot binna kend to rumble
 Your wame within.

You needna grudge to draw your breath
 For little mair than half a reath ;
 Than, gin we a' be spar'd frae death,
 We'll gladly prie
 Fresh noggans o' your reamin' graith
 Wi' blythsome glee.



LEITH RACES.

In July month, ae bonny morn,
 Whan Nature's rokelay green
 Was spread ovr ilk rig o' corn,
 To charm our rovin' een ;

Glowring about, I saw a quean,
 The fairest 'neath the lift:
 Her een were o' the siller sheen;
 Her skin, like snawy drift,
 Sae white that day.

Quo' she, " I ferly unco sair,
 " That ye sud musand gae;
 " Ye wha ha'e sung o' Hallowfair;
 " Her winter's pranks, an' play:
 " Whan on Leith sands the racers rare
 " Wi' Jocky louns are met,
 " Their orrow pennies there to ware,
 " An' drown themsel's in debt,
 " Fu' deep that day."

An' wha are ye, my winsome dear,
 That tak's the gate sae early?
 Whare do ye win, gin ane may speer;
 For I right meikle ferly,
 'That sic braw buskit laughin' lass
 Thir bonny blinks shou'd gi'e,
 An' loup, like Hebe, ovr the grass,
 As wanton, an' as free
 Frae dool this day?

" I dwall amang the cauler springs
 " That weet the Land o' Cakes;

" And aften tune my canty strings
 " At bridals and late-wakes.
 " They ca' me Mirth :—I ne'er was kend
 " To grumble or look sour ;
 " But blythe wad be a lift to lend,
 " Gif ye wad sey my pow'r,
 " An' pith, this day."

A bargain be't ; and, by my fegs !
 Gif ye will be my mate,
 Wi' you I'll screw the cheery pegs ;
 Ye shanna find me blate :
 We'll reel an' ramble through the sands,
 An' jeer wi' a' we meet ;
 Nor hip the daft an' gleesome bands
 That fill Edina's street
 Sae thrang this day.

Ere servant-maids had wont to rise
 To seethe the breakfast kettle,
 Ilk dame her brawest ribbons tries,
 To put her on her mettle,
 Wi' wiles some silly chiel' to trap,
 (An' troth he's fain to get her ;)
 But she'll crawl kniefly in his crap,
 Whan, wow ! he canna flit her
 Frae hame that day.

Now, mony a scaw'd an' bare-ars'd loun

Rise early to their wark ;

Enough to fley a muckle town,

Wi' dinsome squeel an' bark.

" Here is the true an' faithfu' list

" O' Noblemen an' Horses ;

" Their eild, their weight, their hight, their grist,

" That rin for plates or purses,

" Fu' fleet this day."

To whisky plooks that brunt for ouks

On town-guard sodgers faces,

Their barber bauld his whittle crooks,

An' scrapes them for the races.

Their stumps, erst us'd to filipegs,

Are dight in spatterdashes,

Whase barkent hides scarce fend their legs

Frae weet and weary plashes

O' dirt that day.

" Come, hafe a care (the Captain cries),

" On guns your bagnets thraw ;

" Now mind your manual exercise,

" An' marsh down raw by raw."

An', as they march, he'll glowr about,

'Tent a' their cuts and scars :

'Mang them fell mony a gawsy snout

Has gusht in birthday wars,

Wi' blude that day.

Her nainsef maun be carefu' now,
 Nor maun she be misleard,
 Sin' baxter lads ha'e seal'd a vow,
 To skelp an' clout the guard.
 I'm sure Auld Reikie kens o' nane
 That wou'd be sorry at it,
 Though they shou'd dearly pay the kane,
 An' get their tails weel sautit,
 An' sair, thir days.

The tinkler billies i' the Bow,
 Are now less eident clinkin';
 As lang's their pith or siller dow,
 They're daffin', an' they're drinkin'.
 Bedown Leith Walk, what burrachs reel,
 O' ilka trade an' station,
 That gar their wives an' childer feel
 Toom wames, for their libation
 O' drink thir days!

The browster wives thegither harl
 A' trash that they can fa' on;
 They rake the grounds o' ilka barrel,
 To profit by the lawen:
 For weel wat they, a skin leal het
 For drinkin' needs nae hire:
 At drumbly gear they tak' nae pet;
 Foul water slockens fire,
 An' drouth, thir days.

They say, ill ale has been the head
 O' mony a bearded loun;
 Then dinna gape like gleds, wi' greed,
 To sweel hale bickers down.
 Gin Lord send mony ane the morn,
 They'll ban fu' sair the time
 That e'er they toutit aff the horn,
 Which wambles through their wame
 Wi' pain that day.

The Buchan bodies, through the beach,
 Their bunch of Findrams cry;
 An' skirl out bauld, in Norlan' speech,
 "Guid speldings;—fa will buy?"
 An', by my saul, they're a' wrang gear
 To gust a stirrah's mou';
 Weel staw'd wi' them, he'll never speer
 The price o' being fu'
 Wi' drink that day.

Now wylie wights at rowly powl,
 An' flingin' o' the dice,
 Here brak' the banes o' mony a soul
 Wi' fa's upo' the ice.
 At first, the gate seems fair an' straught;
 So they ha'd fairly till her:
 But, wow! in spite o' a' their maught,
 They're rookit o' their sillier,
 An' gowd, thir days.

Around, whare'er ye fling your een,
 The haiks, like wind, are scourin' :
 Some chaises honest fouk contain ;
 An' some ha'e mony a whore in.
 Wi' rose an' lily, red an' white,
 They gi'e themsel's sic fit airs ;
 Like Dian, they will seem perfite ;
 But its nae gowd that glitters
 Wi' them thir days.

The Lion here, wi' open paw,
 May cleek in mony hunder,
 Wha geck at Scotland, an' her law,
 His wylie talons under :
 For, ken, though Jamie's laws are auld,
 (Thanks to the wise recorder !)
 His Lion yet roars loud an' bauld,
 To ha'd the Whigs in order,
 Sae prime this day.

To town-guard drum of clangor clear,
 Baith men an' steeds are raingit :
 Some liveries red or yellow wear ;
 An' some are tartan spraingit.
 An' now the red,—the blue e'en now,—
 Bids fairest for the markèt ;
 But, ere the sport be done, I trow,
 Their skins are gayly yarkit,
 An' peel'd, thir days.

Siclike in Robinhood debates,
 Whan twa chiel's ha'e a pingle;
 E'en now, some couli gets his aits,
 An' dirt wi' words they mingle;
 Till up louns he, wi diction fu',
 There's lang and dreech contestin';
 For, now, they're near the point in view;—
 Now, ten miles frae the question
 In hand that night.

The races ovr, they hale the dools
 Wi' drink o' a' kinkind;
 Great feck gae hirlpling hame, like fools;
 The cripple lead the blind.
 May ne'er the canker o' the drink
 Mak' our bauld spirits thrawart,
 'Case we get wharewitha' to wink
 Wi' een as blue's a blawart,
 Wi' straits thir days!

THE FARMER'S INGLE.

*Et multo in primas hilarans convivium Baccho,
 Ante focum, si frigus erit.* VIRG. BUC.

WHAN glowmin' gray out ovr the welkin keeks;
 Whan Batie caws his owsen to the byre;

Whan Thrasher John, sair dung, his barn-door steeks,
An' lusty lasses at the dightin' tire ;
What bangs fu' leal the e'ening's coming cauld,
An' gars snaw-tappit Winter freeze in vain ;
Gars dowie mortals look baith blythe an' bauld,
Nor fley'd wi' a the poortith o' the plain ;
Begin, my Muse ! and chaunt in hamely strain.

Frae the big stack, weel winnow't on the hill,
Wi' divets theekit frae the weet an' drift ;
Sods, peats, and heath'ry turfs the chimley fill,
An' gar their thick'ning smeeek salute the lift.
The gudeman, new come hame, is blythe to find,
Whan he out ovr the hallan' flings his een,
That ilka turn is handled to his mind ;
That a' his housie looks sae cosh an' clean ;
For cleanly house lo'es he, though e'er sae mean,

Weel kens the gudewife, that the pleughs require
A heartsome meltith, an' refreshin' synd
O' nappy liquor, ovr a bleezin' fire :
Sair wark and poortith downa weel be join'd.
Wi' butter'd bannocks now the girdle reeks ;
I' the far nook the bowie briskly reams ;
The readied kail stand by the chimley cheeks,
An' ha'd the riggin' het wi' welcome streams ;
Whilk than the daintiest kitchen nicer seems.

Frae this, lat gentler gabs a lesson lear :
Wad they to labouring lend an eident hand,
They'd rax fell strang upo' the simplest fare,
Nor find their stamacks ever at a stand.
Fu' hale and healthy wad they pass the day ;
At night, in calmest slumbers dose fu' sound ;
Nor doctor need their weary life to spae,
Nor drops their noddle and their sense confound,
Till death slips sleely on, and gi'e the hindmost wound.

On sicken food has mony a doughty deed
By Caledonia's ancestors been done ;
By this did mony wight fu' weirlike bleed
In brulzies frae the dawn to set o' sun.
'Twas this that brac'd their gardies stiff and strang ;
That bent the deadly yew in ancient days ;
Laid Denmark's daring sons on yird alang ;
Gar'd Scottish thristles bang the Roman bays ;
For near our crest their heads they dought na raise.

The couthy cracks begin whan supper's owr ;
The cheering bicker gars them glibly gash
O' Simmer's showery blinks, and Winter's sour,
Whase floods did erst their mailin's produce hash.
'Bout kirk and market eke their tales gae on ;
How Jock woo'd Jenny here to be his bride ;
An' there, how Marion, for a bastard son,
Upo' the cutty-stool was forc'd to ride ;
The waefu' scauld o' our Mess John to bide.

The fient a cheep's amang the bairnies now ;

For a' their anger's wi' their hunger gane :

Ay maun the childer, wi' a fastin' mou',

Grumble, an' greet, an' mak' an unco mane,

In rangles round before the ingle's low :

Frae gudame's mouth auld warld tales they hear,

O' warlocks loupin' round the wirrikow ;

O' ghaists, that win in glen an' kirkyard drear,

Whilk touzlesa' their tap, an' garsthemshak' wifear !

For weel she trows, that fiends an' fairies be

Sent frae the de'il to fleetch us to our ill ;

That ky ha'e tint their milk wi' evil ee ;

An' corn been scowder'd on the glowin' kill.

O mock na this, my friends ! but rather mourn,

Ye in life's brawest spring wi' reason clear ;

Wi' eild our idle fancies a' return,

And dim our dolefu' days wi' bairnly fear ;

The mind's ay cradled whan the grave is near.

Yet Thrift, industrious, bides her latest days,

Though Age her sair-dow'd front wi' runcles wave ;

Yet frae the russet lap the spindle plays ;

Her e'enin' stent reels she as weel's the lave.

On some feast-day, the wee things buskit bray,

Shal heese her heart up wi' a silent joy,

Fu' cadgie that her head was up, an' saw

Her ain spun cleedin' on a darlin' oy ;

Careless though death shou'd mak' the feast her foy.

In its auld lerroch yet the deas remains,
 Where the gudeman aft streeks him at his ease;
 A warm and canny lean for weary banes
 O' lab'ers doil'd upo' the wintry leas.
 Round him will baudrins an' the colley come,
 To wag their tail, and cast a thankfu' een
 To him wha kindly flings them mony a crum'
 O' kebbuck whang'd, an' dainty fadge to prie;
 This a' the boon they crave, an' a' the fee.

Frae him the lads their mornin' counsel tak':
 What stacks he wants to thrash; what rigs to till;
 How big a birn maun lie on bassie's back,
 For meal an' mu'ter to the thirlin' mill.
 Niest, the gudewife her hirelin' damsels bids
 Glowr through the byre, an' see the hawkies bound;
 Tak' tent, case Crummy tak' her wonted tids,
 An' caw the laiglen's treasure on the ground;
 Whilk spills a kebbuck nice, or yellow pound.

Then a' the house for sleep begin to green,
 Their joints to slack frae industry a while;
 The leaden god fa's heavy on their een,
 An' haflins steeks them frae their daily toil:
 The cruizy, too, can only blink an' bleer;
 The restit ingle's done the maist it dow;
 Tacksman an' cottar eke to bed maun steer,
 Upo' the cod to clear their drumly pow,
 Till wauken'd by the dawnin's ruddy glow.

Peace to the husbandman, an' a' his tribe,
 Whase care fells a' our wants frae year to year!
 Lang may his sock and cou'ter turn the gleyb,
 An' bauks o' corn bend down wi' laded ear!
 May Scotia's simmers ay look gay an' green;
 Her yellow har'sts frae scowry blasts decreed!
 May a' her tenants sit fu' snug an' bien,
 Frae the hard grip o' ails, and Poortith freed;
 An' a lang lasting train o' peacefu' hours succeed!

THE ELECTION.

*Nunc est bibendum, et bendere Bickerum magnum;
 Cavete Town-guardum, D——! G—dd—m atque
 C—pb—m.*

REJOICE, ye Burghers! ane an' a';
 Lang look't for's come at last:
 Sair were your backs held to the wa',
 Wi' poortith an' wi' fast.
 Now ye may clap your wings an' craw,
 An' gayly busk ilk feather,
 For deacon cocks ha'e pass'd a law,
 To rax an' weet your leather
 Wi' drink thir days.

Haste, Epps! quo' John, an' bring my giz;
 Tak' tent ye dinna't spulzie:

Last night the barber ga'e't a friz,
An' strakit it wi' ulzie.

Ha'e done your parritch, lassie Liz !

Gi'e me my sark an' gravat ;

I'se be as braw's the Deacon is,

Whan he tak's affidavit

O' Faith the day.

" Whar's Johnny gawin' (cries neebour Bess)

" That he's sae gayly bodden,

" Wi' new-kam'd wig, weel syndet face,

" Silk hose, for hamely hodin' ?"

' Our Johnny's nae sma' drink, you'll guess ;

' He's trig as ony muircock,

' An' forth to mak' a Deacon, lass ;

' He downa speak to poor fouk

' Like us the day.'

The coat, ben-by i' the kist-nook,

That's been this towmonth swarmin',

Is brought yence mair thereout to look,

To fleg awa' the vermin.

Menzies o' moths an' flaes are shook,

An' i' the floor they howder,

Till, in a birn, beneath the crook,

They're singit wi' a scowder.

To death that day.

The canty cobbler quats his sta',
 His roset an' his lingans;
 His buik has dree'd a sair, sair fa',
 Frae meals o' bread an' ingans.
 Now he's a pow o' wit an' law,
 An' taunts at soals an' heels;
 To Walker's he can rin awa';
 There whang his creams an' jeels,
 Wi' life that day.

The lads, in order, tak' their seat;
 (The de'il may claw the clungest!)
 They stegh an' connach sae the meat,
 Their teeth mak' mair than tongue haste.
 Their claes sae cleanly dight an' feat,
 An' eke their craw-black beavers,
 Like masters mows ha'e fund the gate
 To tassels tough wi' slavers
 Fu' lang that day.

The dinner done,—for brandy strang
 They cry, to weet their thrapple;
 To gar the stamack bide the bang,
 Nor wi' its ladin' grapple.
 The grace is said;—it's nae ovr lang;—
 The claret reams in bells;—
 Quo' Deacon, "let the toast round gang:—
 "Come, here's our Noble Sel's"
 "Weel met the day!"

Weel's me o' drink, quo' cooper Will,
My barrel has been geyz'd ay,
An' has na gotten sic a fill,
Sin' fu' on Handsel-Teysday :
But mak'sna ; now it's got a sweel ;
Ae gird I shanna cast, lad !
Or, else, I wish the horned de'il
May Will wi' kittle cast dad
To hell the day !

The magistrates fu' wylie are ;
Their lamps are gayly blinkin' ;
But they might as leive burn elsewhere,
Whan fouk's blind fu' wi' drinkin'.
Our Deacon wadna ca' a chair ;
The fowl ane durst him na-say !
He took shanks-naig ; but, fient may care !
He arslins kiss'd the cawsey
Wi' bir that night.

Weel lo'es me o' you, souter Jock !
For tricks ye buit be tryin' :
Whan grapin' for his ain bed-stock,
He fa's whare Will's wife's lyin'.
Will coming hame wi' ither fouk,
He saw Jock there before him ;
Wi' maister laiglen, like a brock,
He did wi' stink maist smore him,
Fu' strang that night.

Then wi' a souple leathern whang
 He gart them fidge an' girn ay :—
 “Faith, chiel’ ! ye’s no for naething gang,
 “Gin ye maun reel my pirny.”
 Syne, wi’ a muckle alshin lang
 He brodit Maggie’s hurdies ;
 An’, ’cause he thought her i’ the wrang,
 There pass’d nae bonny wordies
 ’Mang them that night.

Now, had some laird his lady fand
 In sic unseemly courses,
 It might ha’e loos’d the haly band,
 Wi’ law-suits an’ divorces :
 But, the niest day, they a’ shook hands,
 An’ ilka crack did sowder ;
 While Meg for drink her apron pawns ;
 For a’ the gudeman cow’d her
 Whan fu’ last night.

Glowr round the cawsey, up an’ down,
 What mobbin’ an’ what plottin’ !
 Here, politicians bribe a loun
 Against his saul for votin’.
 The gowd that inlakes half a crown
 Thir blades lug out to try them ;
 They pouch the gowd, nor fash the town
 For weights an’ scales to weigh them
 Exact that day.

Then deacons at the counsel stent
 To get themsel's presentit;
 For towmonths twa their saul is lent,
 For the town's gude indentit.
 Lang's their debatin' thereanent;
 About protests they're bauth'rin';
 While Sandy Fife, to mak' content,
 On bells plays "Clout the Caudron"
 To them that day.

Ye louns! that troke in doctor's stuff,
 You'll now ha'e unco slaisters;
 Whan windy blaws their stomacks puff,
 They'll need baith pills and plaisters:
 For though, e'en now, they look right bluff,
 Sic drink, ere hillocks meet,
 Will hap some deacons in a truff,
 Inrow'd i' the lang leet
 O' death yon night.

TO THE TRON-KIRK BELL.

WANWORDY, crazy, dinsome thing,
 As e'er was fram'd to jow or ring!
 What gar'd them sic in steeple hing,
 They ken themsel';

But weel wat I, they cou'dna bring
War sounds frae hell.

What de'il are ye ? that I shou'd ban :
You're neither kin to pat nor pan ;
Nor uly pig, nor maister can,
But weel may gi'e
Mair pleasure to the ear o' man,
Than stroke o' thee.

Fleece-merchants may look bauld, I trow,
Sin' a' Auld Reikie's childer now
Maun stap their lugs wi' teats o' woo',
Thy sound to bang,
And keep it frae gawin' through an' through,
Wi' jarrin' twang.

Your noisy tongue, there's nae abidin't ;
Like scauldin' wife's, there is nae guidin't :
Whan I'm 'bout ony bus'ness eident,
It's sair to thole ;
To deave me, than, ye tak' a pride in't,
Wi' senseless knoll.

O ! were I provost o' the town,
I swear by a' the Pow'rs aboon,
I'd bring ye wi' a reesle down ;
Nor shou'd you think

(Sae sair I'd crack an' clour your crown,)
Again to clink.

For, whan I've toom'd the meikle cap
An' fain wad fa' owr in a nap;
Troth, I cou'd doze as sound's a tap;
Wer't na for thee,
That gi'es the tither weary chap,
To wauken me.

I dreamt, ae night, I saw Auld Nick :
Quo' he, " this bell o' mine's a trick ;
" A wylie piece o' politic ;
" A cunnin' snare,
" To trap fouk in a cloven stick,
" Ere they're aware.

" As lang's my dautit bell hings there,
" A' body at the kirk will skair :
" Quo' they, gif he that preaches there
" Like it can wound,
" We douna care a single hair
" For joyfu' sound."

If magistrates wi' me wou'd 'gree,
For ay tongue-tackit shou'd you be ;
Nor fleg, wi' antimebody,
Sic honest fouk,

Whase lugs were never made to dree
Thy dolefu' shock.

But, far frae thee the bailies dwell,
Or they wou'd scunner at your knell;
Gi'e the Foul Thief his riven bell,
An' than, I trow,
The by-word ha'ds, "the de'il himsel'
"Has got his due."

MUTUAL COMPLAINT OF PLAIN- STANES AND CAWSEY,

In their Mother Tongue.

SINCE Merlin laid Auld Reikie's cawsey,
An' made her o' his wark right saucy,
The spacious Street an' gude Plainstanes
Were never kend to crack but anes;
Whilk happen'd on the hinder night,
Whan Fraser's alic tint its light;
O' Highland sentries nane were waukin',
To hear their cronies glibly taukin';
For them this wonder might ha'e rotten,
And, like night robb'ry, been forgotten,
Had na a cadie, wi' his lanthron,
Been gleg enough to hear them bant'rin',
Wha came to me niest mornin' early,
To gi'e me tidings o' this ferly.

Ye tauntin' louns ! trow this nae joke ;
 For anes the ass o' Balaam spoke,
 Better than lawyers do, forsooth ;
 For it spak' naething but the truth !
 Whether they follow its example,
 You'll ken best whan you hear the sample.

PLAINSTANES.

My friend ! thir hunder years an' mair,
 We've been forfoughen late an' ear,
 In sunshine, an' in weety weather,
 Our thrawart lot we bure thegither.
 I never growl'd, but was content
 Whan ilk ane had an equal stent ;
 But now to flyte I'se e'en be bauld,
 Whan I'm wi' sic a grievance thrall'd.
 How haps it, say, that mealy bakers,
 Hair-kaimers, crieshy gizy-makers,
 Shou'd a' get leave to waste their powders
 Upo' my beaux' an' ladies' shoulders ?
 My travellers are fley'd to dead
 Wi' creels unchancy, heap'd wi' bread,
 Frae whilk hing down uncanny nicksticks,
 That aften gi'e the maidens sic licks,
 As mak' them blythe to screen their faces
 Wi' hats and muckle maun bon-graces,
 An' cheat the lads that fain wad see
 The glances o' a pawky ee,
 Or gi'e their loves a wylie wink,
 That erst might lend their hearts a clink !

Speak, was I made to dree the ladin'
 O' Gaelic chairmen heavy treadin',
 Wha in my tender buik bore holes
 Wi' waefu' tackets i' the soals
 O' brogs, whilk on my body tramp,
 An' wound like death at ilka clamp?

CAWSEY.

Weel crackit, friend!—It aft ha'ds true,
 Wi' naething fook mak' maist ado.
 Weel ken ye, though ye doughtna tell,
 I pay the sairest kane mysel'.
 Owr me, ilk day, big waggons rumble,
 An' a' my fabric birze and jumble.
 Owr me the muckle horses gallop,
 Eneugh to rug my very saul up;
 An' coachmen never trow they're sinnin',
 While down the street their wheels are spinnin'.
 Like thee, do I not bide the brunt
 O' Highland chairman's heavy dunt?
 Yet I ha'e never thought o' breathing
 Complaint, or makin' din for naething.

PLAINSTANES.

Ha'd sae, an' lat me get a word in;
 Your back's best fitted for the burden:
 An' I can eithly tell you why;
 Ye're doughtier by far than I:
 For whinstanes, houkit frae the craigs,
 May thole the prancin' feet o' naigs,

Nør ever fear uncanny hotches
 Frae clumsy carts or hackney coaches,
 While I, a weak an' feckless creature,
 Am moulded by a safer nature.
 Wi' mason's chissel dighted neat,
 To gar me look baith clean an' feat,
 I scarce can bear a sairer thump
 Than comes frae sole of shoe or pump.
 I grant, indeed, that, now an' then,
 Yield to a paten's pith I maun;
 But patens, though they're aften plenty,
 Are ay laid down wi' feet fu' tenty;
 And strokes frae ladies, though they're teazin',
 I freely maun avow are pleasin'.

For what use was I made, I wonder?
 It was na tamely to chap under
 The weight o' ilka codroch chiel',
 That does my skin to targets peel.
 But gin I guess aright, my trade is
 To fend frae skaith the bonny ladies;
 To keep the bairnies free frae harms
 Whan airin' in their nurses' arms;
 To be a safe an' canny bield
 For growin' youth or droopin' eild.

Tak' then frae me the heavy load
 O' burden-bearers heavy shod;
 Or, by my troth, the gude auld town shall
 Ha'e this affair before their Council.

CAWSEY.

I dinna care a single jot,
 Though summon'd by a shelly-coat ;
 Sae leally I'll propone defences,
 As get ye flung for my expenses.
 Your libel I'll impugn verbatim,
 An' ha'e a *magnum damnum datum* :
 For, though frae Arthur's-seat I sprang,
 An' am in constitution strang,
 Wad it not fret the hardest stane
 Beneath the Luckenbooths to grane ?
 Though magistrates the Cross discard,
 It mak'sna, whan they leave the Guard ;
 A lumbbersome an' stinkin' biggin',
 That rides the sairest on my riggin'.
 Poor me owr meikle do ye blame,
 For tradesmen trampin' on your wame ;
 Yet a' your advocates, an' braw fouk,
 Come still to me 'twixt ane an' twa 'clock,
 An' never yet were kend to range
 At Charlie's Statue or Exchange.
 Then, tak' your beaux an' macaronies ;
 Gi'e me trades' fouk, an' country Johnnies ;
 The de'il's in't, gin ye dinna sign
 Your sentiments conjunct wi' mine.

PLAINSTANES.

Gin we twa cou'd be as auldfarrant,
 As gar the Council gi'e a warrant,

Wha walks not in the proper track,
 An' o' three shillin's Scottish suck him,
 Or in the water-hole sair douk him;
 This might assist the Poor's collection,
 And gi'e baith parties satisfaction.

CAWSEY.

But first, I think, it will be good
 To bring it to the Robinhood*,
 Whare we shall ha'e the question stated,
 An' keen an' crabbitly debated,
 Whether the provost an' the bailies,
 For the town's gude whase daily toil is,
 Shou'd listen to our joint petitions,
 An' see obtemper'd the conditions?

PLAINSTANES.

Content am I.—But east the gate is
 The Sun, wha tak's his leave of Thetis,
 An' comes to wauken honest fouk,
 That gang to wark at sax o'clock.
 It sets us to be dumb a while,
 An' let our words gi'e place to toil.

A DRINK ECLOGUE.

LANDLADY, BRANDY, AND WHISKY.

ON auld worm-eaten skelf, in cellar dunk,
 Whare hearty benders synd their drouthy trunk,
 * *A debating society; afterwards called the Pantheon.*

Twa chappin bottles, pang'd wi' liquor fu',—
 Brandy the tane,—the tither Whisky blue,—
 Grew canker'd ; for the twa were het within,
 An' het-skin'd fouk to flytin' soon begin.
 The Frenchman fizz'd, an' first wad foot the field,
 While paughty Scotsman scorn'd to beenge or yield.

BRANDY.

Black be your fa', ye cottar loun misleard !
 Blawn by the porters, chairmen, city-guard :
 Ha'e ye nae breedin', that you cock your nose
 Against my sweetly gusted cordial dose ?
 I've been near pawky courts, an', aften there,
 Ha'e caw'd hysterics frae the dowie fair ;
 An' courtiers aft gaed greenin' for my smack,
 To gar them bauldly glowr, an' gashly crack.
 The priest, to bang mishanters black, an' cares,
 Has sought me in his closet for his prayers,
 What tig then tak's the fates, that they can thole
 Thrawart to fix me in this weary hole,
 Sair fash'd wi' din, wi' darkness, an' wi' stinks,
 Where cheery daylight through the mirk ne'er blinks ?

WHISKY.

But ye maun be content, an' maunna rue,
 Though erst ye've bizz'd in bonny madam's mou'.
 Wi' thoughts like thae, your heart may sairly dunt :
 The world's now chang'd ; it's nae like use an' wont
 For here, wae's me ! there's nouter lord nor laird
 Come to get heartscad frae their stamack skair'd.

Nae mair your courtier louns will shaw their face ;
 For they glowr eery at a friend's disgrace.
 But heese your heart up :—Whan at court you hear
 The patriot's thrapple wat wi' reamin' beer ;
 Whan chairman, weary wi' his daily gain,
 Can synd his whistle wi' the clear Champaign ;
 Be houpfu', for the time will soon row round,
 Whan you'll nae langer dwell beneath the ground.

BRANDY.

Unwordy gowk ! did I sae aften shine
 Wi' gowden glister through the crystal fine,
 To thole your taunts, that seenil ha'e been seen
 Awa' frae luggie, quegh, or truncher treein ;
 Gif honour wad but lat, a challenge shou'd
 Twin ye o' Highland tongue an' Highland blude ;
 Wi' cairds, like thee, I scorn to file my thumb ;
 For gentle spirits gentle breedin' doom.

WHISKY.

Truly, I think it right you get your alms ;
 Your high heart humbled amang common drams.
 Braw days for you, whan fools, newfangle fain,
 Like ither countries better than their ain :
 For there, ye never saw sic chancy days,
 Sic balls, assemblies, operas, or plays.
 Hame-owr, langsyne, you ha'e been blythe to pack
 Your a' upon a sarkless sodger's back.
 For you, thir lads, as weel lear'd trav'lers tell,
 Had sell'd their sarks, gin sarks they'd had to sell.

But Worth gets poortith an' black burnin' shame
 To draunt an' drivel out a life at hame.
 Alake! the by-word's owr weel kend throughout,
 "Prophets at hame are held in nae repute;"
 Sae far'st wi' me, though I can heat the skin,
 An' set the saul upo' a merry pin;
 Yet I am hameil; there's the sour mischance!
 I'm not frae Turkey, Italy, or France:
 For, now, our gentles' gabs are grown sae nice,
 At thee they tout, an' never speer my price.
 Wtiness;—for thee they hight their tenants' rent,
 An' fill their lands wi' poortith, discontent;—
 Ga' them owr seas for cheaper mailin's hunt,
 An' leave their ain as bare's the Cairn-o'-Mount.

BRANDY.

Though lairds tak' toothfu's o' my warmin' sap,
 This dwines nor tenants gear, nor cows their crap.
 For love to you, there's mony a tenant gaes
 Barears'd an' barefoot owr the Highland braes.
 For you, nae mair the thrifty gudewife sees
 Her lasses kirk, or birze the dainty cheese.
 Crummie nae mair for Jenny's hand will crune
 Wi' milkness dreepin' frae her teats adown.
 For you, owr ear the ox his fate partakes,
 An' fa's a victim to the bludy aix.

WHISKY.

Wha is't that gars the greedy bankers prieve
 The maiden's tocher, but the maiden's leave?

By you, whan spulzied o' her charmin' pose,
 She tholes, in turn, the taunt o' cauldribe joes.
 Wi' skelps like this, fouk sit but seenil down
 To wether-gamon, or howtowdy brown.
 Sair dung wi' dule, an' fley'd for comin' debt,
 They gar their mou' bits wi' their incomes mett;
 Content enugh, gif they ha'e wherewithal
 Scrimply to tack their body an' their saul.

BRANDY.

Frae some poor poet, owr as poor a pot,
 Ye've lear'd to crack sae crouse, ye haveril Scot!
 Or burgher politician, that imbrues
 His tongue in thee, an' reads the claikin' news:
 But, wae's heart for you! that for ay maun dwell
 In poet's garret, or in chairman's cell,
 While I shall yet on bien-clad tables stand,
 Bouden wi' a' the daintiths o' the land.

WHISKY.

Troth, I ha'e been, ere now, the poet's flame,
 An' hees'd his sangs to mony blythsome theme.
 Wha was't gar'd Allie's chaunter chirm fu' clear;
 Life to the saul, an' music to the ear?
 Nae stream but kens, an' can repeat the lay
 To shepherds streekit on the simmer braise,
 Wha to their whistle wi' the lavrock bang,
 To wauken flocks the rural fields amang.

BRANDY.

But, here's the browster wife; and she can tell
 Wha's won the day, an' wha shou'd wear the bell.

Ha'e done your din, an' lat her judgment join
In final verdict 'twixt your pley an' mine.

LANDLADY.

In days o' yore, I cou'd my livin' prize,
Nor fash'd wi' dolefu' gadgers or excise;
But, now a days, we're blythe to lear the thrift
Our head's 'boon licence an' excise to lift:
Inlakes o' Brandy we can soon supply,
By Whisky tinctur'd wi' the saffron's dye.

Will ye your breedin' threap, ye mongrel ^{Boun}!
Frae hamebred liquor dy'd to colour brown?
So, flunky braw, whan dress'd in master's claes,
Struts to Auld Reikie's cross on sunny days,
Till some auld comrade, ablins out o' place,
Near the vain upstart shaws his meagre face;
Bumbaz'd, he louns frae sight, an' jooks his ken,
Fley'd to be seen amang the tassell'd train.

*To the PRINCIPAL and PROFESSORS of the University
of St Andrew's, on their superb Treat to Dr Samuel
Johnson.*

ST Andrew's town may look right gawsy;
Nae grass will grow upo' her cawsey,
Nor wa'-flowers o' a yellow dye,
Glowr dowie owr her ruins high;
Sin' Samy's head, weel pang'd wi' lear,
Has seen the *Alma Mater* there.

Regents ! my winsome billy boys !
'Bout him you've made an unco noise.
Nae doubt, for him your bells wad clink,
To find him upon Eden's brink ;
An' a' things nicely set in order,
Wad keep him on the Fife border.
I'se warrant, now, frae France an' Spain
Baith cooks an' scullions mony ane
Wad gar the pats an' kettles tingle
Around the college kitchen ingle,
To fleg frae a' your craigs the roup,
Wi' reekin' het an' crieshy soup :
An' snails an' puddocks mony hunder
Wad beekin' lie the hearthstane under ;
Wi' roast an' boil'd, an' a' kinkind,
To heat the body, cool the mind.

But hear, my lads ! gin I'd been there,
How I wad trimm'd the bill o' fare !
For ne'er sic surly wight as he
Had met wi' sic respect frae me.
Mind ye what Sam, the lying loun !
Has in his Dictionar laid down ?
That aits, in England, are a feast
To cow an' horse, an' sicken beast ;
While, in Scots ground, this growth was common
To gust the gab o' man an' woman.
Tak' tent, ye Regents ! then, an' hear
My list o' gudely hameil gear,

Sic as ha'e aften rax'd the wyme
 O' blyther fallows mony time ;
 Mair hardy, souple, steeve, an' swank,
 Than ever stood on Samy's shank.

Imprimis, then, a haggis fat,
 Weel tottled in a seything pat,
 Wi' spice an' ingans weel caw'd through,
 Had help'd to gust the stirrah's mou',
 An' plac'd itsel' in truncher clean
 Before the gilpy's glowrin' een.

Secundo, then, a gude sheep's head,
 Whase hide was singit, never flea'd,
 An' four black trotters clad wi' girsle,
 Bedown his throat had learn'd to hirsle.
 What think ye, niest, o' gude fat brose
 To clag his ribs ? a dainty dose !
 An' white an' bludy puddings routh,
 To gar the Doctor skirl, " O Drouth !"
 Whan he cou'd never houp to merit
 A cordial glass o' reamin' claret,
 But thraw his nose, an' birze, an' pegh,
 Owr the contents o' sma' ale quegh :
 Then let his wisdom girn an' snarl
 Owr a weel tostit girdle farl,
 An' learn, that, maugre o' his wame,
 Ill bairns are ay best heard at hame.

Drummond, lang syne, o' Hawthornden,
 The wyliest, an' best o' men,

Has gi'en you dishes ane or mae,
 That wad ha'e gar'd his grinders play,
 Not to "Roast Beef *," old England's life!
 But to the auld "East Nook o' Fife*,"
 Where Craillian crafts cou'd weel ha'e gi'en
 Skate-rumples to ha'e clear'd his een;
 Than, niest, whan Samy's heart was faintin',
 He'd lang'd for skate to mak' him wanton.

Ah, willawins for Scotland now!
 Whan she maun stap ilk birky's mou'
 Wi' eistacks, grown as 'twere in pet
 In foreign land, or greenhouse het,
 Whan cog o' brose an' cutty spoon
 Is a' our cottar childer's boon,
 Wha, through the week, till Sunday's speal,
 Toil for pease-clods an' gude lang kail.
 Devall then, Sirs, an' never send
 For daintiths to regale a friend;
 Or, like a torch at baith ends burnin',
 Your house will soon grow mirk an' mournin'!

What's this I hear some cynic say†?—
 Robin, ye loun! it's nae fair play.
 Is there nae ither subject rife
 To clap your thumb upon but Fife?

* *Alluding to two tunes under these titles.*

† *Our author here alludes to a gentleman in Dunfermline, who, displeased with the concluding reflection in the "Expedition to Fife," sent him a challenge.*

Gi'e ovr, young man! you'll meet your cornin',
 Than caption war, or charge o' hornin'.
 Some canker'd, surly, sour-mou'd earline,
 Bred near the abbey o' Dumfarline,
 Your shoulders yet may gi'e a lounder,
 An' be o' verse the mal-confounder.

Come on, ye blades! but, ere ye tulzie,
 Or hack our flesh wi' sword or gulzie,
 Ne'er shaw your teeth, nor look like stink,
 Nor ovr an empty bicker blink:
 What weets the wizen an' the wyme,
 Will mend your prose, an' heal my rhyme.

ELEGY

On JOHN HOGG, Porter to the University of St Andrew's.

DEATH! what's ado? the de'il be licket,
 Or wi' your stang you ne'er had pricket,
 Or our auld *Alma Mater* tricket,
 O' poor John Hogg,
 An' trail'd him ben through your mark wicket,
 As dead's a log.

Now ilka glaikit scholar loun
 May dander wae wi' duddy gown;
 Kate Kennedy* to dowie crune
 May mourn an' clink,

* *A bell in the College steeple.*

An' steeples o' Saunt Andrew's town
To yird may sink.

Sin' Pauly Tam*, wi' canker'd snout,
First held the students in about,
To wear their claes as black as soot,
They ne'er had reason,
Till Death John's haffit ga'e a clout,
Sae out o' season.

Whan Regents met at common schools,
He taught auld Tam to hale the dools,
An' eident to row right the bowls,
Like ony emmack :
He kept us a' within the rules
Strict academic.

Heh ! wha will tell the students now
To meet the Pauly cheek for chow,
Whan he, like frightsome wirrikow,
Had wont to rail,
An' set our stamacks in a low,
Or we turn'd tail ?

Ah, Johnny ! aften did I grumble
Frae cozy bed fu' ear to tumble,

* *A name given by the students, some time ago, to
one of the members of the University.*

Whan art an' part I'd been in some ill,
 Troth, I was swear :
 His words they brodit like a wumill,
 Frae ear to ear.

Whan I had been fu' laith to rise,
 John than begude to moralize.
 "The tither nap," the sluggard criès,
 ' An' turns him round ;
 ' Sae spak' auld Solomon the wise,
 ' Divine profound !'

Nae dominie, or wise Mess John,
 Was better lear'd in Solomon.
 He cited proverbs, one by one,
 Ilk vice to tame ;
 He gar'd ilk sinner sigh an' groan,
 An' fear hell's flame.

" I ha'e nae meikle skill (quo' he),
 " In what you ca' philosophy.
 " It tells, that baith the earth an' sea
 " Rin round about :
 " Either the Bible tells a lie,
 " Or ye're a' out.

" It's i' the Psalms o' David writ,
 " That this wide warld ne'er shou'd flit,

" But on the waters coshly sit

" Fu' steeve an' lastin' :

" An' was na he a head o' wit

" At sic contestin' ?"

On e'enings cauld wi' glee, we'd trudge
To heat our shins in Johnny's lodge :
The de'il ane thought his bum to budge
Wi' siller on us :
To claw het pints we'd never grudge
O' *molationis*.

Say, ye red gowns ! that aften, here,
Ha'e toasted bakes to Katie's beer,
Gin e'er thir days ha'e had their peer,
Sae blythe, sae daft ?
You'll ne'er again, in life's career,
Sit half sae saft.

Wi' haffit locks, sae smooth an' sleek,
John look'd like ony ancient Greek :
He was a Nazarene a' the week,
An' doughtna tell out
A bawbee Scots to straik his cheek,
Till Sunday fell out.

For John ay lo'ed to turn the pence ;
Thought poortith was a great offence :

"What recks, though ye ken mood an' tense ?

"A hungry wyme

"For gowd wad wi' them baith dispense,

"At ony time.

"Ye ken what ails maun ay befall

"The chiel' that will be prodigal.

"Whan wasted to the very spaul

"He turns his tusk

"(For want o' comfort to his saul)

"O' hungry husk."

Ye royt louns ! just do as he'd do :

For mony braw green shaw an' meadow

He's left to cheer his dowie widow,

His winsome Kate,

That to him prov'd a canny she-dow,

Baith ear an' late.

THE GHAISTS,

A KIRKYARD ECLOGUE.

Did you not say, in good Ann's day,

And vow, and did protest, Sir,

That when Hanover should come o'er,

We surely should be blest, Sir ?

AN AULD SANG MADE NEW AGAIN.

WHARE the braid planes in dowie murmurs wave

Their ancient taps out owr the cauld-clad grave,

Whare Geordie Girdwood, mony a lang spun day,
 Houkit for gentlest banes the humblest clay,
 'Twa sheeted ghaists, sae grizly an' sae wan,
 'Mang lanely tombs their douff discourse began.

WATSON.

Cauld blaws the nippin' North wi' angry sough,
 An' showers his hailstones frae the Castle Cleugh
 Owr the Grayfriars, whare, at mirkest hour,
 Bogles an' spectres wont to tak' their tour,
 Harlin' the pows an' shanks to hidden cairns,
 Among the hamlocks wild, an' sun-burnt ferns;
 But nane the night, save you an' I, ha'e come
 Frae the dern mansions o' the midnight tomb.
 Now whan the dawnin's near, whan cock maun crow,
 An' wi' his angry bougil gar's withdraw,
 Ayont the kirk we'll stap, an' there tak' bield,
 While the black hours our nightly freedom yield.

HERRIOT.

I'm weel content: but, binna cassen down,
 Nor trow the cock will ca' ye hame owr soon;
 For, though the eastern lift betakens day,
 Changing her rokely black for mantle gray,
 Nae weirlike bird our knell of parting rings,
 Nor sheds the cauler moisture frae his wings.
 Nature has chang'd her course; the birds o' day
 Dosin' in silence on the bendin' spray,
 While owlets round the craigs at noontide flee,
 An' bludy hawks sit singin' on the tree.

Ah, Caledon ! the land I yence held dear ;
 Sair mane mak' I for thy destruction near ;
 An' thou, Edina ! anes my dear abode,
 Whan royal Jamie sway'd the sovereign rod,
 In thae blest days, weel did I think bestow'd
 To blaw thy poortith by wi' heaps o' gowd ;
 To mak thee sonsy seem wi' mony a gift,
 An' gar thy stately turrets speal the lift.
 In vain did Danish Jones, wi' gimgrack pains,
 In Gothic sculpture fret the pliant stanes ;
 In vain did he affix my statue here,
 Brawly to busk wi' flow'rs ilk coming year.
 My tow'rs are sunk ; my lands are barren now ;
 My fame, my honour, like my flow'rs maun dow.

WATSON.

Sure, Major Weir, or some sic warlock wight,
 Has flung beguillin' glammer ower your sight ;
 Or else some kittle cantrup thrown, I ween,
 Has bound in mirlygoes my ain twa een :
 If ever aught frae sense cou'd be believ'd
 (An' seenil ha'e my senses been deceiv'd),
 This moment, ower the tap o' Adam's tomb,
 Fu' easy can I see your chieftest dome.
 Nae corbie fleein' there, nor croupin' craws,
 Seem to forspeak the ruin o' thy ha's ;
 But a' your towers in wonted order stand,
 Steeve as the rocks that hem our native land.

HERRIOT.

Think na I vent my well-a-day in vain ;
 Kent ye the cause, ye, sure, wad join my mane.
 Black be the day, that e'er to England's ground
 Scotland was eikit by the Union's bond !
 For mony a menzie of destructive ills
 The country now maun brook frae mortmain bills,
 That void our test'ments, an' can freely gi'e
 Sic will an' scoup to the ordain'd trustee,
 That he may tir our stateliest riggings bare ;
 Nor acres, houses, woods, nor fishings spare,
 Till he can lend the stoiterin' state a lift,
 Wi' gowd in gowpins, as a grassum gift ;
 In lieu o' whilk, we maun be weel content
 To tyne the capital for *three per cent.* ;
 A doughty sum, indeed ; whan, now a days,
 They raise provisions as the stents they raise ;
 Yoke hard the poor, an' lat the rich chields be
 Pamper'd at ease by ithers' industry.

Hale interest for my fund can scantly now
 Cleed a' my callants' backs, an' stap their mou'.
 How maun their wames wi' sairest hunger slack ;
 Their duds in targets flaff upo' their back ;
 Whan they are doom'd to keep a lastin' Lent ;
 Starvin' for England's weel, at *three per cent.* !

WATSON.

Auld Reikie, than, may bless the gowden times,
 Whan honesty an' poortith baith are crimes.

She little kend, whan you an' I endow'd
 Our hospitals for back-gawin' burghers' gude,
 That e'er our siller or our lands shou'd bring
 A gude bien livin' to a back-gawin' king;
 Wha, thanks to Ministry! is grown sae wise,
 He downa chew the bitter cud o' vice:
 For gin, frae Castlehill to Netherbow,
 Wad honest houses bawdyhouses grow,
 The Crown wad never speer the price o' sin,
 Nor hinder younkers to the de'il to rin;
 But, gif some mortal green for pious fame,
 An' leave the poor man's pray'r to sane his name,
 His gear maun a' be scatter'd by the claws
 O' ruthless, ravenous, an' harpy laws.
 Yet, shou'd I think, although the bill tak' place,
 The council winna lack sae meikle grace
 As lat-our heritage at wanworth gang,
 Or the succeeding generations wrang
 O' braw bien maintenance, an' wealth o' lear,
 Whilk, else, had drappit to their children's skair:
 For mony a deep, an' mony a rare engine
 Ha'e sprung frae Herriot's Wark, an' sprung frae mine.

HERRIOT.

I find, my friend! that ye but little ken,
 There's, e'en now, on the earth a set o' men,
 Wha, if they get their private pouches lin'd,
 Gi'e na a winnelstrae for a' mankind.
 They'll sell their country, flae their conscience bare,
 To gar the weighbauk turn a single hair.

The Government need only bait the line
 Wi' the prevailin' flee,—the gowden coin !
 Then our executors, an' wise trustees,
 Will sell them fishes in forbidden seas :
 Upo' their dwinin' country girn in sport ;
 Laugh in their sleeve, an' get a place at court.

WATSON.

Ere that day come, I'll 'mang our spirits pick
 Some ghaist that trokes an' conjures wi' Auld Nick,
 To gar the wind wi' rougher rumbles blaw,
 An' weightier thuds than ever mortal saw :
 Fireflaught an' hail, wi' tenfauld fury's fires,
 Shall lay yird-laigh Edina's airy spires :
 Tweed shall rin rowtin' down his banks out owr,
 Till Scotland's out o' reach o' England's pow'r ;
 Upo' the briny Borean jaws to float,
 An' mourn in dowie soughs her dowie lot.

HERRIOT.

Yonder's the tomb of wise Mackenzie fam'd,
 Whase laws rebellious bigotry reclaim'd ;
 Freed the hale land of covenantin' fools,
 Wha erst ha'e fash'd us wi' unnumber'd dools.
 Till night, we'll tak' the swaird aboon our pows,
 An' than, whan she her ebon chariot rows,
 We'll travel to the vault wi' stealin' stap,
 An' wauk Mackenzie frae his quiet nap ;
 Tell him our ails, that he, wi' wonted skill,
 May fleg the schemers o' the mortmain bill,

EPISTLE TO MR ROBERT FERGUSON.

Is Allan risen frae the dead,
Wha aft has tun'd the aiten reed,
An' by the Muses was decreed
To grace the thistle?
Na :—Fergusson's come in his stead,
To blaw the whistle.

In troth, my callant ! I'm sae fair
To read your sonsy, canty strain ;
You write sic easy style, an' plain,
An' words sae bonny ;
Nae South'ron loun dare you disdain,
Or cry, " Fy on ye !"

Whae'er has at Auld Reikie been,
An' King's birthdays' exploits has seen,
Maun own that ye ha'e gi'en a keen
An' true description ;
Nor say, ye've at Parnassus been,
To form a fiction.

Hale be your heart, ye canny chield !
May ye ne'er want a gude warm bield,
An' sic gude cakes as Scotland yields,
An' ilka dainty
That grows or feeds upo' her fields,
An' whisky plenty.

But ye, perhaps, thirst mair for fame
Than a' the gude things I can name;
An', then, ye will be sair to blame
My gude intention,
For that ye needna gae frae hame,
You've sic pretension.

Sae saft an' sweet your verses jingle,
An' your auld words sae meetly mingle,
'Twill gar baith married fouk an' single
To roose your lays:
Whan we forgather round the ingle,
We'll chaunt your praise.

Whan I again Auld Reikie see,
An' can forgather, lad! wi' thee,
Then we, wi' muckle mirth an' glee,
Shall tak' a gill,
An' o' your cauler oysters we
Shall eat our fill.

If sic a thing shou'd you betide,
To Berwick town to tak' a ride,
I'se tak' ye up Tweed's bonny side,
Before ye settle,
An' shaw you there the fisher's pride,
A sa'mon kettle.

There, lads an' lasses do conveen
 To feast an' dance upo' the green ;
 An', there, sic brav'ry may be seen,
 As will confound ye,
 An' gar you glowr out baith your een
 At a' around ye.

To see sae mony bosoms bare,
 An' sic huge puddings i' their hair,
 An' some o' them wi' naething mair
 Upo' their tete ;
 Yea, some wi' mutches that might scar
 Craws frae their meat.

I ne'er appear'd before in print ;
 But, for your sake, wad fain be in't ;
 E'en that I might my wishes hint,
 That you'd write mair ;
 For, sure, your head-piece is a mint
 Whare wit's nae rare.

Sonse fa' me ! gif I hadna lure
 I cou'd command ilk Muse as sure,
 Than ha'e a chariot at the door,
 To wait upo' me ;
 Though, poet-like, I'm but a poor
 Mid-Louthian Johnny.

Berwick, Aug. 31, 1773.

J. S.

But she maun e'en be glad to jook,
 An' play teet-bo frae nook to nook,
 Or blush, as gin she had the yook
 Upo' her skin,
 Whan Ramsay or whan Pennycuik
 Their liltis begin.

At mornin' ear', or late at e'en,
 Gin ye sud hap to come an' see ane,
 Nor niggard wife, nor greetin' wee ane,
 Within my cloyster,
 Can challenge you an' me frae priein'
 A cauler oyster.

Heh, lad ! it wou'd be news indeed,
 Were I to ride to bonny Tweed,
 Wha ne'er laid gamon ovr a steed
 Beyont Lusterrick ;
 An' auld shanks naig wou'd tire, I dread,
 To pace to Berwick.

You crack weel o' your lasses there ;
 Their glancin' een, an' bisket bare ;
 But, thof this town be smeekit sair,
 I'll wad a farden,
 Than ours there's nane mair fat an' fair,
 Cravin' your pardon.

Gin heaven shou'd gi'e the earth a drink,
 An', afterhend, a sunny blink ;
 Gin ye were here, I'm sure you'd think
 It worth your notice,
 To see them dubs an' gutters jink
 Wi' kiltit coaties.

An' frae ilk corner o' the nation,
 We've lasses eke o' recreation,
 That at close-mou's tak' up their station,
 By ten o'clock.—
 The Lord deliver frae temptation
 A' honest fouk !

Thir queans are ay upo' the catch
 For pursie, pocket-book, or watch,
 An' can sae glib their leesins hatch,
 That, you'll agree,
 Ye canna eithly meet their match
 'Tween you an' me.

For this gude sample o' your skill,
 I'm restin' you a pint o' yale,
 By an' attour a Highland gill
 O' *Aquavita* ;
 The which to come an' sock at will,
 I here invite ye.

Though jillet Fortune scoul an' quarrel,
 An' keep me frae a bien beef barrel,
 As lang's I've twopence i' the warl'
 I'll ay be vockie
 To part a fadge or girdle farl
 Wi' Louthian Jockie.

Fareweel, my cock ! lang may you thrive,
 Weel happit in a cozy hive ;
 An' that your saul may never dive
 To Acheron,
 I'll wish, as lang's I can subscribe
 ROB. FERGUSSON.

TO MY AULD BREEKS.

Now gae your wa's.—Though anes as gude
 As ever happit flesh an' blude,
 Yet part we maun.—The case sae hard is,
 Amang the writers an' the bardies,
 That lang they'll brook the auld I trow,
 Or neebours cry, " Weel brook the new !"
 Still makin' tight wi' tither steek ;
 The tither hole, the tither eik,
 To bang the bir o' Winter's anger,
 An' ha'd the hurdies out o' langer.

Siclike some weary wight will fill
His kyte wi' drogs frae doctor's bill,
Thinkin' to tack the tither year
To life, an' look baith hale an' fier,
Till, at the lang-run, Death dirks in,
To birze his saul ayont his skin.

You needna wag your duds o' clouts,
Nor fa' into your dorty pouts,
To think that erst you've hain'd my tail
Frae wind an' weet, frae snaw an' hail,
And for reward, whan bald an' hummil,
Frae garret high to dree a tummil.
For you I car'd, as lang's ye dow'd
Be lin'd wi' siller or wi' gowd.
Now to befriend, it wad be folly,
Your raggit hide, an' pouches holey;
For, wha but kens a poet's placks
Get mony weary flaws an' cracks,
An' canna thole to ha'e them tint,
As he sae seenil sees the mint?
Yet, round the warld keek, an' see,
That ithers fare as ill as thee;
For weel we lo'e the chiel' we think
Can get us tick, or gi'e us drink,
Till o' his purse we've seen the bottom,
Then we despise, an' ha'e forgot him.

Yet, gratefu' hearts, to mak' amends,
Will ay be sorry for their friends;

An' I for thee ;—as mony a time
 Wi' you I've speal'd the braes o' rhyme,
 Whare, for the time, the Muse ne'er cares
 For siller, or sic guilefu' wares,
 Wi' whilk we drumly grow, an' crabbit,
 Dour, capernoited, thrawen gabbit ;
 An' brither, sister, friend, an' fae,
 Without remeid of kindred, slae.

You've seen me round the bickers reel
 Wi' heart as hale as temper'd steel,
 An' face sae apen, free, an' blythe,
 Nor thought that sorrow there cou'd kyth ;
 But the niest mament this was lost,
 Like gowan in December's frost.

Cou'd Prick-the-louse but be sae handy,
 As mak' the breeks an' claes to stand ay,
 Through thick an' thin wi' you I'd dash on,
 Nor mind the folly o' the fashion :
 But, hegh ! the times' *vicissitudo*
 Gars ither breeks decay, as you do.
 Thae macaronies, braw, an' windy,
 Maun fail :—*Sic transit gloria mundi !*

Now, speed you to some madam's chaumer,
 That but an' ben rings dule an' clatmer ;
 Ask her, in kindness, if she seeks
 In hidlin' ways to wear the breeks.
 Safe you may dwall, though mould an' motty,
 Beneath the veil o' under coatie :

For this, mair faults nor yours can screen
Frae lover's quickest sense, his een.

Or if some bard, in lucky times,
Shou'd profit meikle by his rhymes,
An' pace awa', wi' smirky face,
In siller or in gowden lace,
Glowr in his face, like spectre gaunt;
Remind him o' his former want;
To cow his daffin' an' his pleasure,
An' gar him live within the measure.

So Philip, it is said, who wou'd ring
Owr Macedon a just an' gude king,
Fearing that power might plume his feather,
An' bid him stretch beyond the tether,
Ilk mornin' to his lug wou'd ca'
A tiny servant o' his ha'
To tell him to improve his span;
For Philip was, like him, a Man.

AULD REIKIE.

AULD Reikie! wale o' ilka town
That Scotland kens beneath the moon;
Whare couthy chields at e'enin' meet
Their bizzin' craigs an' mou's to weet;
An' blythly gar auld Care gae by
Wi' blinkit an' wi' bleerin' eye.

Owr lang frae thee the Muse has been
Sae frisky on the Simmer's green,
Whan flowers an' gowans wont to glent
In bonny blinks upo' the bent :
But now the leaves o' yellow dye,
Peel'd frae the branches quickly fly ;
An' now frae nouthur bush nor brier
The spreckled mavis greets your ear ;
Nor bonny blackbird skims an' roves
To seek his love in yonder groves.
Then, Reikie ! welcome ! Thou canst charm,
Unfleggit by the year's alarm.
Not Boreas, that sae snelly blows,
Dare here pap in his angry nose.
Thanks to our dads, whase biggin' stands
A shelter to surrounding lands !

Now Morn, with bonny purple smiles,
Kisses the air-cock o' Saunt Giles ;
Rakin' their een, the servant lasses
Early begin their lies an' clashes.
Ilk tells her friend of saddest distress,
That still she brooks frae scoulin' mistress ;
An' wi' her joe, in turnpike stair,
She'd rather snuff the stinkin' air,
As be subjected to her tongue,
Whan justly censur'd i' the wrong.

On stair wi' tub, or pat in hand,
The barefoot housemaids lo'e to stand,

That antrin' fouk may ken how snell
 Auld Reikie will at mornin' smell :
 Then, with an inundation big as
 The burn that 'neath the Nor' Loch brig is,
 They kindly shower Edina's roses,
 To quicken an' regale our noses.
 Now some for this, wi' Satire's leesh,
 Ha'e gi'en auld Edinbrough a creesh :
 But, without scourin' nought is sweet ;
 The mornin' smells that hail our street,
 Prepare, an' gently lead the way
 To Simmer canty, braw, an' gay.
 Edina's sons mair eithly share
 Her spices an' her dainties rare,
 Than he that's never yet been call'd
 Aff frae his plaidie or his fauld.

Now stairhead critics, senseless fools !
 Censure their aim, an' pride their rules,
 In Luckenbooths, wi' glowrin' eye,
 Their neebours sma'est faults descry.
 If ony loun shou'd dander there,
 O' awkward gait, an' foreign air,
 They trace his steps, till they can tell
 His pedigree as weel's himsel'.

Whan Phoebus blinks wi' warmer ray,
 An' schools at noon-day get the play,
 Then bus'ness, weighty bus'ness, comes ;
 The trader glows ; he doubts, he hums.

The lawyers eke to cross repair,
Their wigs to shaw, an' toss the air;
While busy agent closely plies,
An' a' his kittle cases tries.

Now Night, that's cunzied chief for fun,
Is wi' her usual rites begun;
Through ilka gate the torches blaze,
An' globes send out their blinkin' rays.
The usefu' cadie plies in street,
To bide the profits o' his feet;
For, by thir lads Auld Reikie's fouk
Ken but a sample o' the stock
O' thieves, that nightly wad oppress,
An' mak' baith goods an' gear the less.
Near him the lazy chairman stands,
An' wats na how to turn his hands,
Till some daft birky, rantin' fu',
Has matters somewhere else to do;
The chairman willing gi'es his light
To deeds o' darkness an' o' night.

It's never saxpence for a lift
That gars thir lads wi' fu'ness rift;
For they wi' better gear are paid,
An' whores an' culls support their trade.

Near some lamp-post, wi' dowie face,
Wi' heavy een, an' sour grimace,
Stands she, that beauty lang had kend;
Whoredom her trade, an' vice her end.

But, see whare now she wuns her bread
By that which Nature ne'er decreed ;
An' sings sad music to the lugs,
'Mang bourachs o' damn'd whores an' rogues !
Whane'er we reputation lose,
Fair Chastity's transparent gloss !
Redemption seenil kens the name ;
But a's black misery, an' shame.

Frae joyous tavern, reelin' drunk,
Wi' fiery phiz, an' een half sunk,
Beha'd the bruiser, fae to a'
That in the reck o' gardies fa' !
Close by his side, a feckless race
O' macaronies shaw their face,
An' think, they're free frae skaith or harm,
While pith befriends their leader's arm :
Yet fearfu' aften o' their maught,
They quat the glory o' the faught
To this same warrior wha led
Thae heroes to bright Honour's bed ;
An' aft the hack o' honour shines
In bruiser's face wi' broken lines.
Of them sad tales he tells anon,
Whan ramble an' whan fighting's done :
An', like Hectorian, ne'er impairs
The brag an' glory o' his sairs.

Whan feet in dirty gutters plash,
An' fouk to wale their fitstaps fash ;

At night, the macaroni drunk,
 In pools or gutters aft-times sunk :
 Heh ! what a fright he now appears,
 Whan he his corpse dejected rears !
 Look at that head, and think if there
 The pomet slaister'd up his hair !
 The cheeks observe :—where now cou'd shine
 The scapcin' glories o' carmine ?
 Ah, legs ! in vain the silk-worm there
 Display'd to view her eident care :
 For stink, instead of perfumes, grow,
 An' clarty odors fragrant flow.

Now, some to porter,—some to punch,—
 Some to their wife,—and some their wench,—
 Retire ;—while noisy ten hour's drum
 Gars a' your trades gae danderin' home.
 Now, mony a club, jocose, an' free,
 Gi'e a' to merriment an' glee.
 Wi' sang, an' glass, they fley the pow'r
 O' Care, that wad harass the hour :
 For wine, an' Bacchus, still bear down
 Our thrawart Fortune's wildest frown.
 It mak's you stark, an' bauld, an' brave,
 Even whan descendin' to the grave.

Now, some, in Pandemonium's* shade,
 Resume the gormandizin' trade ;

* *Pandemonium and the Cape were two social clubs.*

Whare eager looks, an' glancin' een,
Forespeak a heart an' stamack keen.
Gang on, my lads ! it's lang sin'syne
We kent auld Epicurus' line.

Save you, the board wad cease to rise,
Bedight wi' daintiths to the skies ;
An' salamanders cease to swill
The comforts o' a burnin' gill.

But chief, O Cape ! we crave thy aid,
To get our cares and poortith laid.
Sincerity, an' genius true,
Of knights have ever been the due.
Mirth, music, porter deepest dy'd,
Are never here to worth deny'd ;
An' Health, o' happiness the queen,
Blinks bonny, wi' her smile serene.

Though joy maist part Auld Reikie owns,
Eftsoons she kens sad Sorrow's frowns.
What group is yon sae dismal, grim,
Wi' horrid aspect, cleedin' dim ?
Says Death, " They're mine ; a dowie crew :
" To me they'll quickly pay their last adieu."

How come mankind, whan lackin' woe,
In Saulie's face their hearts to show ;
As if they were a clock, to tell,
That grief in them had rung her bell ?
Then, what is man ? why a' this phrase ?
Life's spunk decay'd nae mair can blaze.

Let sober grief alane declare
 Our fond anxiety an' care ;
 Nor let the undertakers be
 The only waefu' friends we see.

Come on, my Muse ! an' then rehearse
 The gloomiest theme in a' your verse.
 In mornin', whan ane keeks about,
 Fu' blythe an' free frae ail, nae doubt,
 He lippens not to be misled
 Amang the regions o' the dead ;
 But, straight, a painted corpse he sees,
 Lang streekit 'neath its canopies.
 Soon, soon will this his mirth control,
 An' send damnation to his soul.
 Or whan the dead-deal, (awfu' shape !)
 Mak's frighted mankind girn an' gape,
 Reflection then his reason sours ;
 For the niest dead-deal may be ours.
 Whan Sibyl led the Trojan down
 To haggard Pluto's dreary town,
 Shapes war nor thae, I freely ween,
 Cou'd never meet the soldier's een.

If kail sae green, or herbs, delight,
 Edina's street attracts the sight.
 Not Covent-Garden, clad sae braw,
 Mair fouth o' herbs can eithly shaw :
 For mony a yard is here sair sought,
 That kail an' cabbage may be bought,

An' healthfu' sallad, to regale,
 Whan pamper'd wi' a heavy meal.
 Glowr up the street in Simmer morn,
 The birks sae green, an' sweet-brier thorn,
 Wi' spraingit flow'rs that scent the gale,
 Caw far awa' the mornin' smell,
 (Wi' which our ladies' flow'rpat's fill'd),
 An' every noxious vapor kill'd.
 O Nature! canty, blithe, an' free,
 Whare is there keekin'-glass like thee?
 Is there on earth that can compare
 Wi' Mary's shape, an' Mary's air,
 Save the empurpled speck, that grows
 In the sauft faulds o' yonder rose?
 How bonny seems the virgin breast,
 Whan by the lilies here carest,
 An' leaves the mind in doubt to tell,
 Which maist in sweets an' hue excel!

Gillespie's snuff shou'd prime the nose
 O' her that to the market goes,
 If she wad like to shun the smells
 That float around frae market cells;
 Whare wames o' painches' sav'ry scent
 To nostrils gi'e great discontent.
 Now, wha in Albion could expect
 O' cleanliness sic great neglect?
 Nae Hottentot, that daily lairs
 'Mang tripe, or ither clarty wares,

Hath ever yet conceiv'd, or seen,
Beyond the Line, sic scenes unclean.

On Sunday, here, an alter'd scene

O' men an' manners, meets our een.

Ane wad maist trow, some people chose

To change their faces wi' their clo'es,

An' fain wad gar ilk neebour think

They thirst for goodness, as for drink:

But there's an unco dearth o' grace,

That has nae mansion but the face,

An' never can obtain a part

In benmost corner of the heart.

Why shou'd religion mak' us sad,

If good frae Virtue's to be had?

Na: rather gleefu' turn your face;

Forsake hypocrisy, grimace;

An' never ha'e it understood,

You fleg mankind frae being good.

In afternoon, a' brawly buskit,

The joes an' lasses lo'e to frisk it.

Some tak' a great delight to place

The modest bon-grace ovr the face;

Though you may see, if so inclin'd,

The turnin' o' the leg behind.

Now, Comely-Garden, an' the Park,

Refresh them, after forenoon's wark;

Newhaven, Leith, or Canonmills,

Supply them in their Sunday's gills;

Whare writers aften spend their pence,
To stock their heads wi' drink an' sense.

While dandering cits delight to stray
To castlebill, or public way,
Whare they nae other purpose mean,
Than that fool cause o' being seen ;
Let me to Arthur's seat pursue,
Whare bonny pastures meet the view ;
An' mony a wild-lorn scene accrues,
Befitting Willie Shakespeare's Muse.
If Fancy there wou'd join the thrang,
The desert rocks an' hills amang,
To echoes we should lilt an' play,
An' gi'e to Mirth the live-lang-day.

Or, shou'd some canker'd biting show'r
The day an' a' her sweets deflow'r,
To Holyroodhouse let me stray,
An' gi'e to musin' a' the day ;
Lamentin' what auld Scotland knew,
Bien days for ever frae her view.
O Hamilton, for shame ! the Muse
Wou'd pay to thee her couthy vows,
Gin ye wad tent the humble strain,
An' gi'e's our dignity again :
For, oh, wae's me ! the Thistle springs
In domicile o' ancient kings,
Without a patriot to regret
Our palace, an' our ancient state.

Bless'd place ! whare debtors daily run,
To rid themsel's frae jail an' dun.
Here, though sequester'd frae the din
That rings Auld Reikie's wa's within,
Yet they may tread the sunny braes,
An' brook Apollo's cheery rays :
Glowr frae St Anthon's grassy hight,
Owr vales in Simmer claes bedight,
Nor ever hing their head, I ween,
Wi' jealous fear o' being seen.
May I, whanever duns come nigh,
An' shake my garret wi' their cry,
Scour here wi' haste, protection get,
To screen mysel' frae them an' debt ;
To breathe the bliss o' open sky,
An' Simon Fraser's* bolts defy.

Now, gin a loun shou'd ha'e his claes
In threadbare autumn o' their days,
St Mary, Broker's guardian saunt,
Will satisfy ilk ail an' want ;
For mony a hungry writer there
Dives down at night, we cleedin' bare,
An' quickly rises to the view
A gentleman, perfyte, an' new.
Ye rich fouk ! look na wi' disdain
Upo' this ancient brokage lane :
Here naked poets are supply'd
Wi' what you to their wants deny'd.

* *The keeper of the Tolbooth.*

Peace to thy shade, thou wale o' men,
 Drummond ! relief to Poortith's pain.
 To thee the greatest bliss we owe,
 An' tribute's tear shall gratefu' flow.
 The sick are cur'd, the hungry fed,
 An' dreams o' comfort 'tend their bed.
 As lang as Forth weets Lothian's shore ;
 As lang's on Fife her billows roar ;
 Sae lang shall ilk whase country's dear,
 To thy remembrance gi'e a tear.
 By thee, Auld Reikie thrive an' grew
 Delightfu' to her childer's view.
 Nae mair shall Glasgow striplings threap
 Their city's beauty, an' its shape,
 While our new city spreads around
 Her bonny wings on fairy ground.

But, Provosts now, that ne'er afford
 The sma'est dignity to lord,
 Ne'er care though every scheme gae wild
 That Drummond's sacred hand has cull'd.
 The spacious Brig* neglected lies,
 Though plagu'd wi' pamphlets, dunn'd wi' cries.
 They heed not, though Destruction come
 To gulp us in her gauntin' womb.
 Oh, shame ! that Safety canna claim
 Protection from a Provost's name ;

* *The author here alludes to the state of the North Bridge, after its fall.*

But hidden Danger lies behind,
To torture, an' to fleg, the mind.
I may as weel bid Arthur's-seat
To Berwick-Law mak' gleg retreat,
As think that either will or art
Shall get the gate to win their heart :
For Politics are a' their mark,
Bribes latent, an' corruption dark.
If they can eithly turn the pence,
Wi' city's good they will dispense ;
Nor care though a' her sons were lair'd
Ten fathom i' the auld kirkyard.

To sing yet meikle does remain,
Undecent for a modest strain ;
An', since the poet's daily bread is
The favor o' the Muse, or ladies,
He downa like to gi'e offence
To Delicacy's tender sense ;
Therefore, the stews remain unsung,
An' bawds in silence drap their tongue.

Reikie ! farewell ! I ne'er cou'd part
Wi' thee, but wi' a dowie heart.
Aft frae the Fife coast I've seen
Thee tow'ring on thy summit green.
So glour the saints whan first is given
A fav'rite keek o' glore an' heaven.
On earth nae mair they bend their een,
But quick assume angelic mien :

So I on Fife wad glowr no more ;
But gallopp'd to Edina's shore.

HAME CONTENT,

A SATIRE.

To all whom it may concern.

SOME fouk, like bees, fu' glegly rin
To bykes bang'd fu' o' strife an' din,
An' thieve an' huddle, crum' by crum',
Till they ha'e scrap'd the daudit plum ;
Then craw fell crouslly o' their wark ;
Tell owr their turners, mark bȳ mark ;
Yet darna think to lowse the pose,
To aid their neebours' ails an' woes.

Gif gowd can fetter thus the heart,
An' gar us act sae base a part,
Shall man, a niggard, near-gawin' elf !
Rin to the tether's end for pelf ;
Learn ilka cunzied scoundrel's trick ;
Whan a's done, sell his saul to Nick ?
I trow, they've coft the purchase dear,
That gang sic lengths for warldly gear.

Now, whan the Dog-day heats begin
To birsle an' to peel the skin,
May I lie streekit at my ease,
Beneath the cauler shady trees,

(Far frae the din o' Borrowstoun),
Whare water plays the haughs bedown ;
To jouk the Simmer's rigor there,
An' breathe a while the cauler air,
'Mang herds, an' honest cottar fouk,
That till the farm, an' feed the flock ;
Careless o' mair, wha never fash
To lade their kist wi' useless cash,
But thank the gods for what they've sent,
O' health eneugh, an' blythe content,
An' pith, that helps them to stravaig
Owr ilka cleugh, an' ilka craig ;
Unkend to a' the weary granes
That aft arise frae gentler banes,
On easy-chair that pamper'd lie,
Wi' banefu' viands gustit high ;
An' turn, an' fald their weary clay,
To rax an' gaunt the live-lang day.

Ye sages ! tell, was man e'er made
To dree this hatefu' sluggard trade,
Steekit frae Nature's beauties a',
That daily on his presence ca',
At hame to girn, an' whinge, an' pine
For fav'rite dishes, fav'rite wine ?
Come, then, shake off thir sluggish ties,
An' wi' the bird o' dawnin' rise !
On ilka bank the clouds ha'e spread
Wi' blobs o' dew a pearly bed.

Frae faulds nae mair the owsen rowt,
 But to the fattening clover lout,
 Whare they may feed at heart's content,
 Unyokit frae their winter's steint.

Unyoke, then, man ! an' binna swear
 To ding a hole in ill-hain'd gear.
 O think that Eild, wi' wylie fit,
 Is wearin' nearer, bit by bit !
 Gin yence he claws you wi' his paw,
 What's siller for ? Fiend ha'e't awa' !
 But gowden playfair, that may please
 The second sharger till he dies.

Some daft chiel' reads, an' tak's advice ;
 The chaise is yokit in a trice ;
 Awa' drives he, like huntit de'il,
 An' scarce tholes time to cool his wheel,
 Till he's—Lord kens how far awa' !
 At Italy, or Well o' Spa ;
 Or to Montpelier's safer air :
 For far aff fowls ha'e feathers fair.

There rest him weel :—for eith can we
 Spare mony glaikit gowks like he.
 They'll tell whare Tiber's waters rise ;
 What sea receives the drumly prize ;
 That never wi' their feet ha'e met
 The marches o' their ain estate.

The Arno an' the Tiber lang
 Ha'e run fell clear in Roman sang ;

But, save the reverence of schools !
They're baith but lifeless dowie pools.
Dought they compare wi' bonny Tweed,
As clear as ony laumer-bead ?
Or, are their shores mair sweet an' gay
Than Fortha's haughs, or banks o' Tay ?
Though there the herds can jink the show'rs
'Mang thrivin' vines an' myrtle bow'rs,
An' blaw the reed to kittle strains,
While Echo's tongue commends their pains ;
Like ours, they canna warm the heart
Wi' simple, saft, bewitchin' art.
On Leader haughs, an' Yarrow braes,
Arcadian herds wad tyne their lays,
To hear the mair melodious sounds,
That live on our poetic grounds.
Come, Fancy ! come, an' let us tread
The Simmer's flow'ry velvet bed,
An' a' your springs delightfu' lowse
On Tweda's banks, or Cowdenknows,
That, ta'en wi' thy enchantin' sang,
Our Scottish lads may round ye thrang.
Sae pleas'd, they'll never fash again
To court you on Italian plain.
Soon will they guess, ye only wear
The simple garb o' Nature here ;
Mair comely far, an' fair to sight,
Whan in her easy cleedin' dight,

Than, in disguise, ye was before
On Tiber's, or on Arno's shore.

O Bangour* ! now the hills an' dales
Nae mair gi'e back thy tender tales.
'The birks on Yarrow now deplore,
Thy mournfu' Muse has left the shore.
Near what bright burn, or crystal spring,
Did you your winsome whistle hing ?
The Muse shall there, wi' watery ee,
Gi'e the dunk swaird a tear for thee ;
An' Yarrow's genius, dowie dame !
Shall there forget her blude-stain'd stream,
On thy sad grave to seek repose,
Who mourn'd her fate, condol'd her woes.

* *Mr Hamilton of Bangour.*

POSTHUMOUS POEMS.

JOB, CHAP. III. PARAPHRASED.

PERISH the hated day when I was born,
Of all its pomp and radiant glories shorn!
Perish the loathed and lamented night
When first my wretched eyes perceiv'd the light!
Dark be that day; nor let the God on high
Regard it with a favorable eye!
Let blackest darkness and death's awful shade
Stain it, and make the trembling earth afraid.
Be dumb to joy, in solitude's dismay,
That night, and waste in sullen gloom away.
Let it be join'd, nor to the varying year,
Nor to the circling months in swift career.
Be o'er its stars the robe of darkness thrown:
Light let it wish for, Lord! but give it none.
Curse it let them who curse the passing day,
And to the voice of mourning raise the lay:
Nor ever be the face of dawning seen
To ope its lustre on the enamell'd green:
Because it seal'd not up my mother's womb,
Nor hid from me the sorrows doom'd to come.
Why, Lord! the wretched object of thine ire,
Did I not rather from the womb expire?
Why did supporting knees prevent my death,
Or fostering breasts sustain my infant breath?
Now had I been, with grief nor pain oppress'd,
With kings and counsellors of earth at rest,

Who bade the palace of oppression rise,
And awful ruin strike affrighted eyes ;
Or slept with princes, in whose hoards were told
Rich store of silver and seductive gold ;
Or, as untimely birth, I had not been ;
Like embryo, who the light had never seen :
For, lo ! the wicked there from troubling cease ;
And there the weary may repose in peace ;
The unfetter'd captives there together rest,
By Pride and Violence no more oppress ;
The small and great together mingled are,
And free the servant from his master, there.
Say, wherefore has an over-bounteous Heaven
Light to the comfortless and wretched given ?
Why should He, in his anger, those control
To drag a life in bitterness of soul,
Who long for Death, who lists not to their pray'r,
Nor comes, in mercy to their deep despair ?
Who tread his dreary regions undismay'd,
And joy when in his peaceful mansions laid ?
Why, then, is grateful light bestow'd on man,
Whose life is darkness, and his days a span ?
The morning I salute with bitter sighs ;
Pour'd out like roaring waters are my cries.
Wild-visag'd Fear, with sorrow-mingled eye,
And wan Destruction, hideous, star'd me nigh !
Woes upon woes assail'd me ; though nor rest,
Nor safety, my afflicted bosom blest.

ODE TO HORROR.

O THOU, who, with incessant gloom,
 Court'st the recess of midnight tomb!
 Admit me of thy mournful throng,
 The scatter'd woods and wilds among.
 If e'er thy discontented ear
 The voice of Sympathy can cheer,
 My melancholy bosom's sigh
 Shall to your mournful plaint reply;
 There to the fear-foreboding owl
 The angry Furies hiss and howl;
 Or near the mountain's pendent brow,
 Where rush-clad streams in cadent murmurs flow.

EPODE.

Who's he, that, with imploring eye,
 Salutes the rosy dawning sky?
 The cock proclaims the morn in vain,
 His sprite to drive to its domain:
 For morning light can but return,
 To bid the wretched wail and mourn.
 Not the bright Dawning's purple eye
 Can cause the frightful vapors fly;
 Nor sultry Sol's meridian throne
 Can bid surrounding fears begone.
 The gloom of night will still preside,
 While angry Conscience stares on either side.

STROPHE.

To ease his sore distemper'd head,
 Sometimes upon the rocky bed

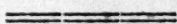
Reclin'd he lies, to list the sound
 Of whispering reed in vale profound.
 Happy, if Morpheus visits there,
 A while to lull his woe and care ;
 Send sweeter fancies to his aid,
 And teach him to be undismay'd !
 Yet wretched still ; for when no more
 The gods their opiate balsam pour,
 Behold ! he starts, and views again
 The Lybian monster prance along the plain.

Now from the oozing caves he flies,
 And to the city's tumults hies,
 Thinking to frolic life away ;
 Be ever cheerful, ever gay :
 But, though enwrapp'd in noise and smoke,
 They ne'er can heal his peace, when broke.
 His fears arise, he sighs again
 For solitude on rural plain.
 From solitude on rural plain,
 He hies him to his noise again.
 Thus tortur'd, rack'd, alarm'd, oppress'd,
 He ever hunts for, never finds, his rest.

ANTISTROPHE.

O Exercise ! thou healing power,
 The toiling rustic's chiefest dower ;
 Be thou with heav'n-born virtue join'd,
 To quell the tumults of the mind ;
 Then, man as much of joy can share.
 From ruffian Winter, bleaky bare,

As from the pure ethereal blaze
 That wantons in the Summer rays.
 The humble cottage then can bring
 Content, the comfort of a king ;
 And gloomy mortals wish no more
 For wealth and idleness, to make them poor.



ODE TO DISAPPOINTMENT.

THOU joyless fiend ! life's constant foe ;
 Malignant source of care and woe ;
 Pleasure's abhorr'd control ;
 Her gayest haunts for ever nigh ;
 Stern mistress of the secret sigh,
 That swells the murmuring soul.

Why haunt'st thou me through deserts drear ?
 With grief-swoln sounds why wound'st my ear,
 Denied to Pity's aid ?
 Thy visage wan did e'er I woo ?
 Or at thy feet in homage bow ?
 Or court thy sullen shade ?

Even now, enchanted scenes about,
 Elysian glories strew the ground,
 To lure the astonish'd eyes ;
 Now horrors, hell, and furies reign,
 And desolate the fairy scene
 Of all its gay disguise.

The Passions, at thy urgent call,
Our Reason and our Sense enthrall
 In Frenzy's fetters strong.
And now Despair, with lurid eye,
Doth meagre Poverty descry,
 Subdu'd by famine long.

The lover flies the haunts of day,
In gloomy woods and wilds to stray ;
 There shuns his Jessy's scorn.
Sad sisters of the sighing grove
Attune their lyres to hapless love,
 Dejected and forlorn.

Yet Hope, undaunted, wears thy chain,
And smiles amidst the growing pain,
 Nor fears thy sad dismay ;
Unaw'd by Power, her fancy flies
From earth's dim orb to purer skies,
 To realms of endless day.

DIRGE.

THE waving yew, or cypress wreath,
Vain emblems are of Friendship's tear :
In vain the awful pomp of death
 Attends the sable shrouded bier.

Since Strephon's virtue's sunk to rest,
Nor Pity's sigh, nor Sorrow's strain,

Nor magic tongue, have e'er confess'd
Our wounded bosom's secret pain.

The just, the good, more honors share
In what the conscious heart bestows,
Than vice, adorn'd with sculptor's care,
In all the venal pomp of woes.

A sad-ey'd mourner at his tomb,
Thou, Friendship! pay thy rites divine,
And echo through the midnight gloom,
That Strephon's early fall was thine.

HORACE, ODE XI. LIB. I.

NE'ER fash your thumb what gods decree
To be the weird o' you or me,
Nor deal in cantrups' kittle cunnin'
To speer how fast your days are runnin';
But patient lippen for the best,
Nor be in dowie thought opprest,
Whether we see mair winters come
Than this, that spits wi' canker'd foam.

Now moisten weel your geyzen'd wa's
Wi' couthy friends an' hearty blaws.
Ne'er lat your hope owrgang your days:
For eild an' thraldom never stays.
The day looks gash, tout aff your horn,
Nor care yae strae about the morn.

THE AUTHOR'S LIFE.

My life is like the flowing stream
 That glides where Summer's beauties teem,
 Meets all the riches of the gale,
 That on its watery bosom sail,
 And wanders, 'midst Elysian groves,
 Through all the haunts that Fancy loves.

May I, when drooping days decline,
 And 'gainst those genial streams combine,
 The Winter's sad decay forsake,
 And centre in my parent lake.

SONG.

SINCE brightest beauty soon must fade,
 That in life's Spring so long has roll'd,
 And wither in the drooping shade,
 Ere it return to native mould;

Ye virgins! seize the fleeting hour,
 In time catch Cytherea's joy,
 Ere age your wonted smiles deflower,
 And hopes of love and life annoy.

EPIGRAM,

*On a Lawyer's desiring one of the Tribe to look with
 respect to a Gibbet.*

THE lawyers may revere that tree,
 Where thieves so oft have strung,
 Since, by the Law's most wise decree,
 Her thieves are never hung.

On the Author's intention of going to Sea.

Fortune and Bob, e'er since his birth,
 Could never yet agree.
 She fairly kick'd him from the earth,
 To try his fate at sea.

THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES,

AN ELEGY,

Occasioned by the untimely death of a Scots Poet.

DARK was the night,—and Silence reign'd o'er all;
 No mirthful sounds urg'd on the ling'ring hour:
 The sheeted ghost stalk'd through the stately hall;
 And every breast confess'd chill Horror's power.

Slumbering I lay: I mus'd on human hopes:

“Vain, vain,” I cry'd, “are all the hopes we form!

“When Winter comes, the sweetest flow'ret drops;

“And oaks themselves must bend before the storm.”

While thus I spoke, a voice assail'd my ear:

'Twas sad;—'twas slow;—it fill'd my mind with dread!

“Forbear;” it cry'd;—“thy moral lays forbear:

“Or change the strain:—for FERGUSSON is dead!

“Have we not seen him sporting on these plains?

“Have we not heard him strike the Muse's lyre?

“Have we not felt the magic of his strains,

“Which often glow'd with Fancy's warmest fire?

“ Have we not hop’d, those strains would long be heard?

“ Have we not told, how oft they touch’d the soul?

“ And has not Scotia said, her youthful Bard

“ Might spread her fame ev’n to the distant pole?

“ But vain, alas! are all the hopes we rais’d:

“ Death strikes the blow;—they sink;—their reign

“ is o’er;

“ And those sweet songs, which we so oft have prais’d,—

“ Those mirthful strains, shall now be heard no more.

“ This, this proclaims how vain are all the joys

“ Our anxious wishes languish to attain;

“ Since ruthless fate so oft, so soon, destroys

“ The high-born hopes ev’n of the Muses’ train.”

I heard no more.—The cock, with clarion shrill,

Loudly proclaim’d the approach of morning near:—

The voice was gone;—but yet I heard it still:—

For every note was echo’d back by fear.

“ Perhaps,” I cry’d, “ ere yonder rising Sun

“ Shall sink his glories in the western wave;

“ Perhaps, ere then, my race may, too, be run,

“ And I myself laid in the silent grave.

“ Oft then, O mortals! oft this dreadful truth

“ Should be proclaim’d;—for fate is in the sound;

“ *That genius, learning, health, and vigorous youth,*

“ *May, in one day, in Death’s cold chains be bound.*”

FINIS. .

J. TAIT.

GLOSSARY.

A

Ablins, perhaps
Amry, a cupboard
Attour, besides, over and
 above
Awyt, I am sure

B

Bannin', swearing
Bang, to cram, defeat
Barken'd, when mire,
 blood, &c. hardens up-
 on a thing like bark
Baudrins, a cat
Beekin', basking
Beenge, to bow, to cringe
Bend, to drink hard
Benmost, inmost
Bicker, a wooden dish
Bield, a shelter
Bien, wealthy, warm
Bink, a shelf
Bir, force; flying swiftly
 with a hissing noise
Birle, to join
Birze, to squeeze
Blate, bashful
Blaw, a drink
Bodden, provided or fur-
 nished with
Bodle, an old Scots coin;

one-sixth of a penny
 sterling

Bonny-wallies, gewgaws
Braw, well dressed
Brock, a badger
Browster, brewer
Burns, brooks, rivulets
Busk, to deck, to dress
But, without

C

Cadgie, jovial
Cairds, vagrants, tinkers
Callant, a boy
Canny, fortunate, skilful,
 wary
Cantrups, incantations
Canty, cheerful
Capernoited, whimsical, ill-
 natured
Carle, an old man
Carline, an old woman
Caw, to drive
Chiel', a general term, like
fellow
Clamihewit, a severe blow
Clashes, chat
Cleugh, a den betwixt rocks
Clungest, emptiest, hollow-
 est
Codroch, clumsy, clownish

Coft, bought
Connach, to waste
Cour, to crouch and creep
Couthy, frank, social
Crap, crept
Criesh, grease
Crune, to murmur
Cutty-stoup, a quartern
 measure

D

Danderin', wandering
Deas, a desk or seat
Dern, secret, hidden
Devall, to descend
Dinlin', trembling, shaking
Dool or *dule*, pain, grief
Dought, could, availed
Dow, the utmost it can
Dowie, melancholy
Drauni, to drawl
Drumly, muddy

E

Eident, diligent
Eithly, easily
Eldin', fuel
Erst, when time was, first

F

Fairnyear, last year
Faugh'd, fallowed
Fash, to vex or trouble
Feat, neat
Feck, a part, quantity

Feckless, feeble
Ferly, a wonder
Fireflaught, lightning
Fleetch, to flatter
Fleg or *fley*, to fright
Forfoughen, weary, faint
Forgather, to meet
Fouth, abundance

G

Gamon, the leg
Gar, to cause or compel
Gardies, the arms
Gash, gloomy, surly
Gawsy, jolly
Gebbies, stomachs
Geck, to mock, to look at
Geyzen'd, shrunk or con-
 tracted by drought
Gilpy, a roguish boy
Gimmers, women
Giz, a wig
Glaikit, foolish, childish
Gleg, smart, clever
Glowmin', the twilight
Glowr, to stare, look at
Gowk, fool, silly fellow
Green, to long for
Gutcher, grandfather

H

Haffits, the cheeks
Hallan', a screen
Harl, to collect together
Harwse, the throat

Heese, to lift or elevate
Howtowdy, a young hen
Hyn, hence

K

Kane, a part of a farm-
 rent paid in fowls
Kittle, difficult
Kyth, to appear

L

Laiglen, a milking-pale,
 with one lug or handle
Lave, the rest or re-
 mainder
Lawen, a tavern reckoning
Leesins or *ligs*, lies
Lingans, cords, chiefly
 used by shoemakers
Lippen, to hope, to trust to
Loun, a rogue
Lure, rather
Lyart, hoary or gray-
 haired

M

Mailin', a farm
Maister, urine
Mak'sna, 'tis no matter
Maught, might, strength
Maugre, in spite of
Menzie, a crowd
Mirk, dark
Mishanter, mishap
Mows, jests

N

Niest, next
Nicker, to neigh
Nouther, neither

O

Obon, alas
Orrow, any thing over
 what is needful
Ouk, week
Oy, a grandchild

P

Paiks, chastisement
Paughty, proud, haughty
Pibrachs, certain warlike
 tunes played on the bag-
 pipe
Pingle, to contend or work
 hard
Poortith, poverty
Prie, to taste
Priggin', entreating

R

Rair, roar
Riggin', the top or ridge
 of a house
Rowt, to low
Rug, a good bargain
Runkles, wrinkles

S

Sane, to bless
Scantlins, scarcely

<i>Scart</i> , to scratch or scrape	<i>Thrawart</i> , froward, cross, crabbed
<i>Scunner</i> , to loathe	<i>Threap</i> , to urge and affirm boldly
<i>Seenil</i> , seldom	<i>Thuds</i> , heavy blows
<i>Sey</i> , to try	<i>Tift</i> , good order, health
<i>Shanks</i> , stockings	<i>Townmonth</i> , twelvemonth
<i>Sharger</i> , a puny child	<i>Twin'd</i> , deprived
<i>Shaw</i> , shew; also a wood or forest	<i>Tyne</i> , lose
<i>Skair</i> , share	
<i>Sowf</i> , a low whistle	
<i>Spaul</i> , the shoulder	
<i>Speal</i> , to climb	
<i>Speer</i> , to ask, inquire	
<i>Springs</i> , stripes of various colors	
<i>Spulzie</i> , v. to spoil, damage	
<i>Spulzie</i> , n. spoil, booty	
<i>Steekit</i> , shut in	
<i>Steghin'</i> , cramming	
<i>Stoo</i> , to cut or crop	
<i>Stravaig</i> , to traverse, to wander over	
<i>Streek</i> , to stretch	
<i>Swear</i> , lazy	
<i>Swyth</i> , begone quickly	
<i>Syne</i> , afterwards, then	

T

Tent, care
Tents, attends to
Thae, those
Thole, to endure, require
Thir, these

Y

Tap, hungry
Tellowchin', screaming
Tird, the ground,
Tule, Christmas
Touf'd, barked